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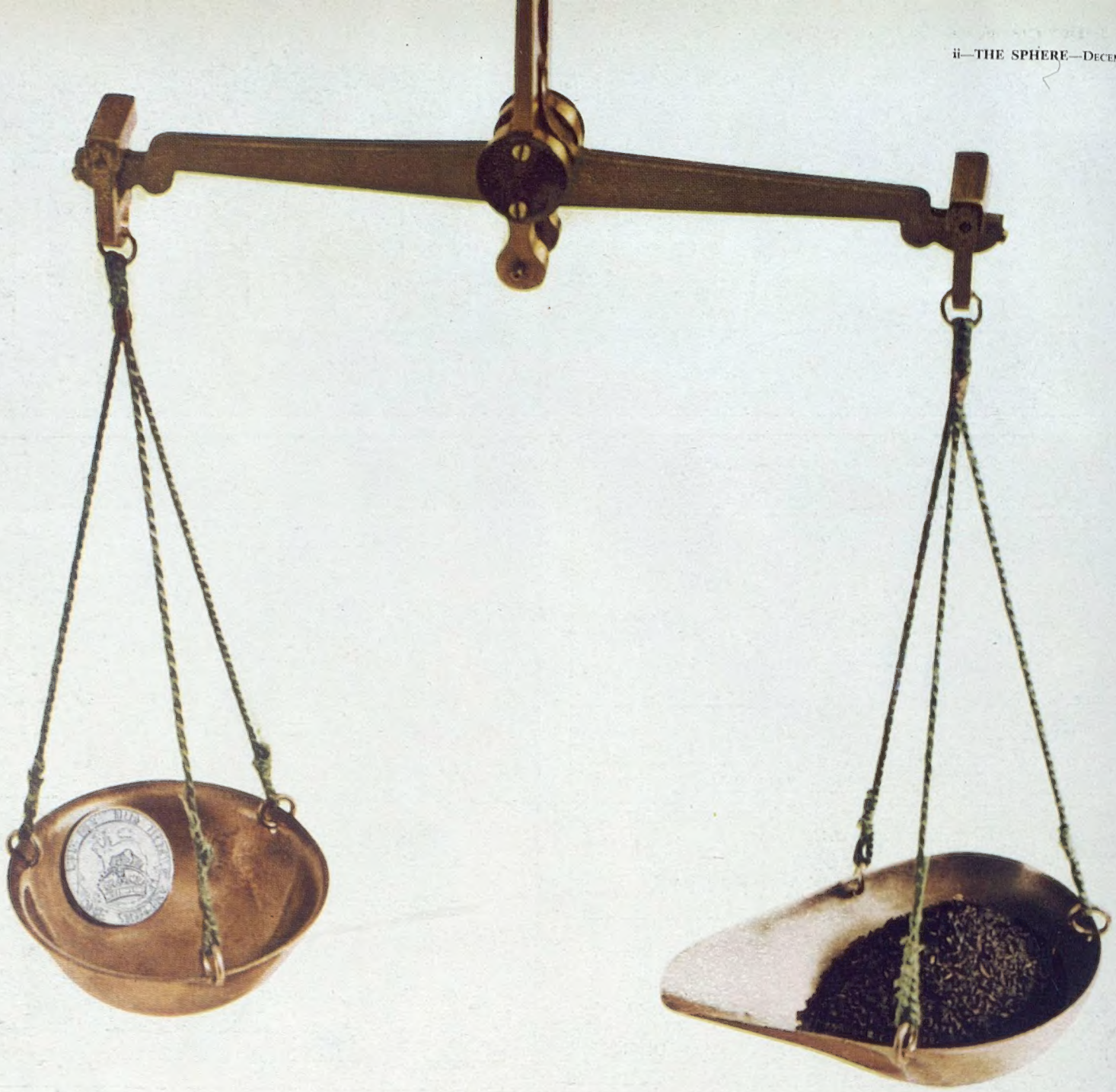

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Volume CCXLVII No. 3211

THE SPHERE

LONDON, December 16, 1961

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TANGANYIKA'S INDEPENDENCE

The Duke of Edinburgh, Mr. Julius Nyerere, Prime Minister of Tanganyika and Sir Richard Turnbull, Governor-General, stand in the arena of the National Stadium in Dar-es-Salaam to watch a fly-past by Royal Air Force jet aircraft. This was a part of the ceremony that took place on the morning of Saturday, December 9, when the Duke handed over, on behalf of the Queen, the constitutional instrument of Tanganyika's independence, the formal mark of the country's new status. Tanganyika remains a member of the Commonwealth. Other features of the celebrations were the lighting of the symbolic torch of unity on Mount Kilimanjaro at midnight and a broadcast to the nation by the Prime Minister, which stressed the Government's awareness of the sober realities of independence. During the weekend two large loans were offered to Tanganyika from the United States and West Germany

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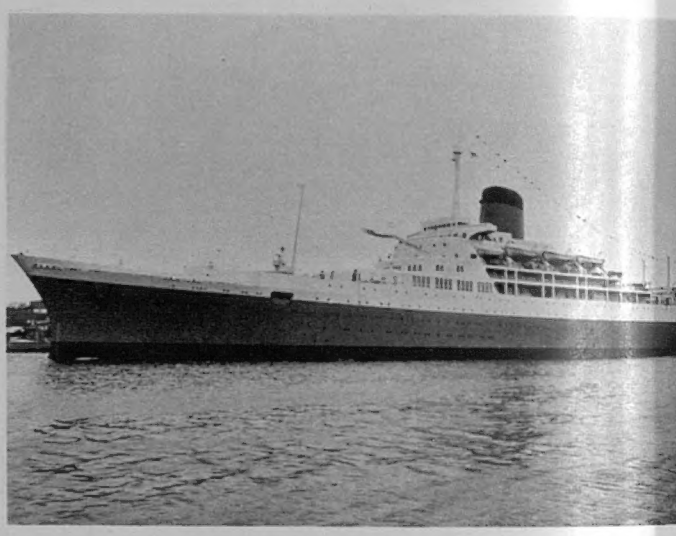
President Senghor of Senegal accompanies the Queen as she reviews the guard of honour during her brief visit to Dakar. This was the last stop of the Royal tour of West Africa. From the Senegalese capital, the Queen last week flew back to London, which she had left on Nov. 9. There was no Guildhall luncheon to mark the return of a member of the Royal Family from an overseas tour, as the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were at Guildhall only last March following their tour of India and Pakistan. (Other pictures of the West African tour are on pages 442 and 443)

THE LAST STOP OF THE QUEEN'S TOUR OF WEST AFRICA

Below right: King Paul and Queen Frederika of Greece are greeted by the Prime Minister, Mr. Karamanlis, on their arrival for the opening of Parliament by King Paul. More than 100 newly-elected Opposition Deputies boycotted the ceremony, challenging the validity of the recent elections, won by Mr. Karamanlis's Radical Union Party

OPENING THE GREEK PARLIAMENT IN ATHENS

Far right: The 33,500-ton *Transvaal Castle* leaves the Clyde for Falmouth on the way to her trials. Built by John Brown and Co., she will sail on her maiden voyage on January 18 on the Union-Castle South African Mail service. She is described as a "hotel class" ship. Her 740 passengers will be able to reserve rooms and suites according to their various requirements



THE *TRANSVAAL CASTLE* LEAVES FOR HER TRIALS

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA IN RANGOON

Below: At the Presidential mansion in Rangoon, Princess Alexandra, wearing the costume of a Burmese Princess, is with the Burmese President and Mme. Win Maung. She was due to return to London from her Far East tour this week. One of her last visits was to Aden and Al Ittihad, capital of the Federation of Arab Amirates of the South

COMMUNIST LEADERS OFF DUTY—MR. GOMULKA AND PRESIDENT TITO

Mr. Gomulka, the First Secretary of the Polish Communist Party, joins in a traditional dance at a miners' ball held in Sosnowiec in South-West Poland. It has been the policy of the Polish Government to build up the country's industrial resources instead of following the Soviet Communist programme of general farm collectivisation

Mme. Josip Broz adjusts the scarf of her husband, President Tito of Yugoslavia. He had been participating in a hunt on the state farm at Karadjordjevo. It was reported from Yugoslavia last week that President Tito wished to abrogate the 1954 Balkan Defence Treaty between Greece, Yugoslavia and Turkey

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

MODERN AMAZONS—IN SOUTH VIETNAM

South Vietnamese girls in colourful costumes take a bus in front of Saigon City Hall on the way to military camps. They are part of the first group of young women who were volunteers recently for a special military training course for women. They have been chosen for their high educational and physical standard. The women's volunteer army was first proposed by Madame Ngo Dinh Nhu, the sister-in-law of President Diem. Relations between the United States and South Vietnam were believed to have improved last week after a report that the President and the U.S. Ambassador had reached complete agreement on a programme of economic and military reforms to reinforce the war effort against the Vietcong terrorists

A NEW SYNAGOGUE AT WORMS

Mayor Heinrich Voelker of Worms, a German city on the Rhine, reads the dedication message during the ceremonies at the dedication of the city's new synagogue. This has replaced one of Germany's oldest Jewish places of worship, which was destroyed by the Nazis in 1938. The new synagogue was built with financial assistance from the West German Government

AN ENGLISH CHRISTMAS FOR GERMAN REFUGEE CHILDREN

Far right: A group of twenty-four refugee children from Germany, some of them from Berlin, at Gatwick airport. They arrived in Britain on Thursday of last week to spend Christmas holidays with families in the Home Counties. In spite of the double wall, escapes from East to West Berlin continued

MR. MAUDLING IN NORTHERN RHODESIA

Below: Mr. Reginald Maudling, Colonial Secretary, inquires the price of a pair of carved elephants from a curio-seller near Livingstone in Northern Rhodesia. He was on an eight-day visit to the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. During his stay he had meetings with the leaders of the United Federal Party, the Liberal Party, and Northern Rhodesia's two African Nationalist parties. Subject of the discussions was the possible revision of the proposed Constitution

FLYING THE CATTLE TO MARKET IN KENYA

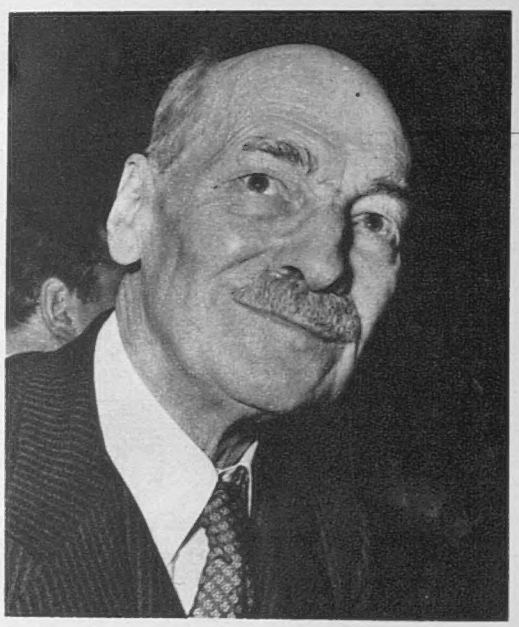
Far right: African drovers lace cattle into string bags for transport by helicopter over the Sadaki River near Malindi in Northern Kenya. In last month's floods in East Africa a vital bridge over the Sadaki was swept away, disrupting the supply of meat to Mombasa, the country's principal port. An announcement by the Chairman of the National Flood Relief Committee last week said that the relief fund had passed its target of £100,000 but this sum might have to be doubled

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

An R.A.F. Belvedere helicopter flies over anti-nuclear demonstrators sitting outside the perimeter of the U.S. Super-Sabre jet aircraft base at Wethersfield in Essex. In the face of the announced intention of the Committee of 100 to organise demonstrations last Saturday at U.S.A.F. bases and headquarters, 5,000 R.A.F. Regiment men, 260 R.A.F. and W.R.A.F. police and 850 civil police guarded the Wethersfield base. Not one demonstrator was able to get through to carry out the plan of sitting on the airfield. Similar anti-nuclear protests met with as little success at the U.S.A.F. headquarters at Ruislip and at Brise Norton in Oxfordshire. There were other demonstrations in Manchester, Bristol, York and Cardiff. In all the demonstrations, 860 people were arrested and 129 people sent to prison

A DANK AND FOGGY DAY FOR THE ANTI-NUCLEAR DEMONSTRATION AT WETHERSFIELD AIR BASE

Lord Attlee, who is aged seventy-eight, was taken very seriously ill last week in Amersham hospital, Bucks., as result of a heart attack. He had been admitted for treatment for a stomach upset. By the week-end his condition improved and he was off the danger list. Last Monday it was stated the improvement was being maintained



LORD ATTLEE—A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH

Far right: Chief Albert Luthuli and his wife leave their hotel in London. They were about to take a plane to Oslo, where last Sunday Chief Luthuli received the Nobel Peace Prize for 1960. He is an advocate of non-violent resistance to the South African Government's racial policies.

CHIEF LUTHULI ON THE WAY TO OSLO

AT THE ROYAL SMITHFIELD SHOW

The Earl of Eldon, President of the Royal Smithfield Show for 1961, and Lord Rootes watch the judging of steers not exceeding fifteen months, a class in which Lord Rootes was exhibiting an Aberdeen-Angus. The show was at Earls Court, London, for five days last week

At Bal Harbour, Florida, the U.S. President addresses the Convention of the American Federation of Labour and Congress of Industrial Organisations. Mr. Kennedy's speech asked for the support of organised labour for his plan to seek Congressional authorisation to liberalise trade policy. He outlined his resolve to take the U.S. into a form of economic partnership with Western Europe

PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S TRADE PLANS

THE WORLD COUNCIL OF CHURCHES

Far right: Mr. Nehru is with some of the delegates to the World Council of Churches after addressing the concluding session of their conference in Delhi. With him in front are Archbishop Iakvos of the Greek Orthodox Church; Dr. Franklin Clarke Fry, President of the United Lutheran Church of America; Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, of India, and Dr. T'Hooft, the conference's General Secretary

NEWS SUMMARY

Reactions to British bombs for Congo; Western discussions on Berlin; Russia breaks with Albania; the crisis over Goa; Ghana accuses Britain

INTERNATIONAL

The evidence regarding what was happening in **Congo** was more than usually conflicting at the beginning of this week. The fighting was continuing in Katanga (see pages 432-433). While President Tshombe was claiming some successes for his forces, General Sean McKeown, U.N. Commander in Congo, was declaring law and order would be re-established in Elisabethville " in a matter of days." The General also said there were signs that Mr. Tshombe had lost control over his soldiers who were fighting on against his wishes.

Internationally the crisis had been intensified by Britain's decision to accede to the U.N. request and send a limited number of bombs to the U.N. forces in Congo. But their dispatch was conditional upon them being used only in preventive action against pirate aircraft on the ground. The Government's decision was " deplored " in **London** by a small group of Right-wing Conservative M.P.s who tabled a motion to this effect in the Commons. Lord Home, at a Press conference, said the bombs were limited for use against a few aircraft which had been attacking U.N. troops who have no defence. The Foreign Secretary strongly denied the allegations made in some quarters that Britain had not been supporting the U.N. in Congo and stressed the need for negotiations between Katanga and the Central Congolese Government.

In **Salisbury,** Southern Rhodesia, Sir Roy Welensky, the Federal Prime Minister, said he hoped the British people would " express their horror and disgust " over their Government's action in supplying the bombs and announced he would not permit the transit of the bombs " across one inch of Federal soil." From **Brussels,** M. Spaak, the Belgian Foreign Minister, sent protests to U Thant, the U.N. Acting Secretary-General, against " the bloody military operations " by U.N. forces, in Katanga.

U Thant, in a statement in **New York,** denied that the U.N. was aiming at smashing the political leaders in Katanga. The U.N. purpose was to regain freedom of movement and restore law and order. Military operations would be continued up to such time as these objectives were achieved. After referring to " repeated instances of bad faith " on the part of the Katangan leaders, U Thant went on to say that he was fully aware of the need for reconciliation and pacification in Congo.

The Foreign Ministers of Britain, the U.S.A., France and West Germany met in **Paris** over the weekend to discuss possible approaches to Russia on the Berlin question. Their meeting followed the conversations in the French capital between President de Gaulle and Dr. Adenauer as result of which, it was hoped, France would come more into line with the other Western powers over the Berlin problem.

ALBANIA

It was announced in **Tirana,** the Albanian capital, last weekend, that Russia had broken off diplomatic relations with Albania—the first time that the Soviet Union has taken this step in relation to another Communist country. The Russian move was the climax of a long period of pressure against General Hoxha, the Albanian leader. His country has become a pawn in the ideological struggle between Russia and China, which supports the " revisionist " Albania. For General Hoxha the most serious part of diplomatic isolation was taken to be the difficulty of travelling to China. Tirana revealed that the Russians had imposed visa restrictions on Albanians. It appeared that any delegation, seeking economic or other aid from Mao Tse-tung, would have to travel by " a slow boat to China."

GOA

The Portuguese territories on the Indian coast, south of Bombay, became by last weekend a source of bitter contention between Portugal and India. Last month, shots were fired on Indian ships from a Portuguese island. This was taken as an opportunity for a build-up of Indian troops along the borders of Goa and an intensive Indian propaganda campaign calling for the territories to be ceded to India. But, last week, Mr. Nehru opposed an Indian resolution calling for an ultimatum to Goa.

President de Gaulle and Dr. Adenauer climb into their car by separate doors on the latter's arrival in Paris

Portuguese possessions in India consist of the colony of Goa and a number of islands, covering in all about 1,500 square miles, with over 600,000 inhabitants. Reports from **Panjim,** Goa's capital, indicate that, despite Indian claims, there has not been any large build-up of Portuguese forces.

AUSTRALIA

In the elections last week, Mr. Menzies was returned to power for the sixth consecutive time, but his majority was greatly reduced. Most Government losses were sustained in Queensland where, with some figures still to come, it appeared that five Government Members out of fifteen had lost their seats. Last Monday, final figures were not known, but in the House of Representatives, the Government had lost at least ten seats and it was thought that it might lose control of the Senate next summer.

GHANA

In a White Paper published in **Accra** at the weekend, the Ghana Government accused Opposition leaders and some members of the ruling Convention People's Party of plotting to assassinate President Nkrumah. It was alleged the object of the plot was to create a state of chaos in the country and thus enable the army to take over. The Opposition was also accused of organising the wave of strikes in September. British army officers had been dismissed at that time, the White Paper stated, because of the belief that they would remain neutral in the event of internal disorders. The White Paper also criticised President Olympio of Togo, the British Press " and certain commercial interests " which were said to have offered to help finance the conspiracy.

SOUTHERN RHODESIA

After a week of demonstrations and mounting disorder, during which police used tear gas against crowds and arrested over 800 people, Sir Edgar Whitehead, the Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, announced in **Salisbury** that the African National Democratic Party was to be permanently outlawed. The leader of the N.D.P., Mr. Joshua Nkomo, who was in Tanganyika for the independence celebrations, said he intended to return to fight the ban. The demonstrations were against the new Constitution.

ISRAEL

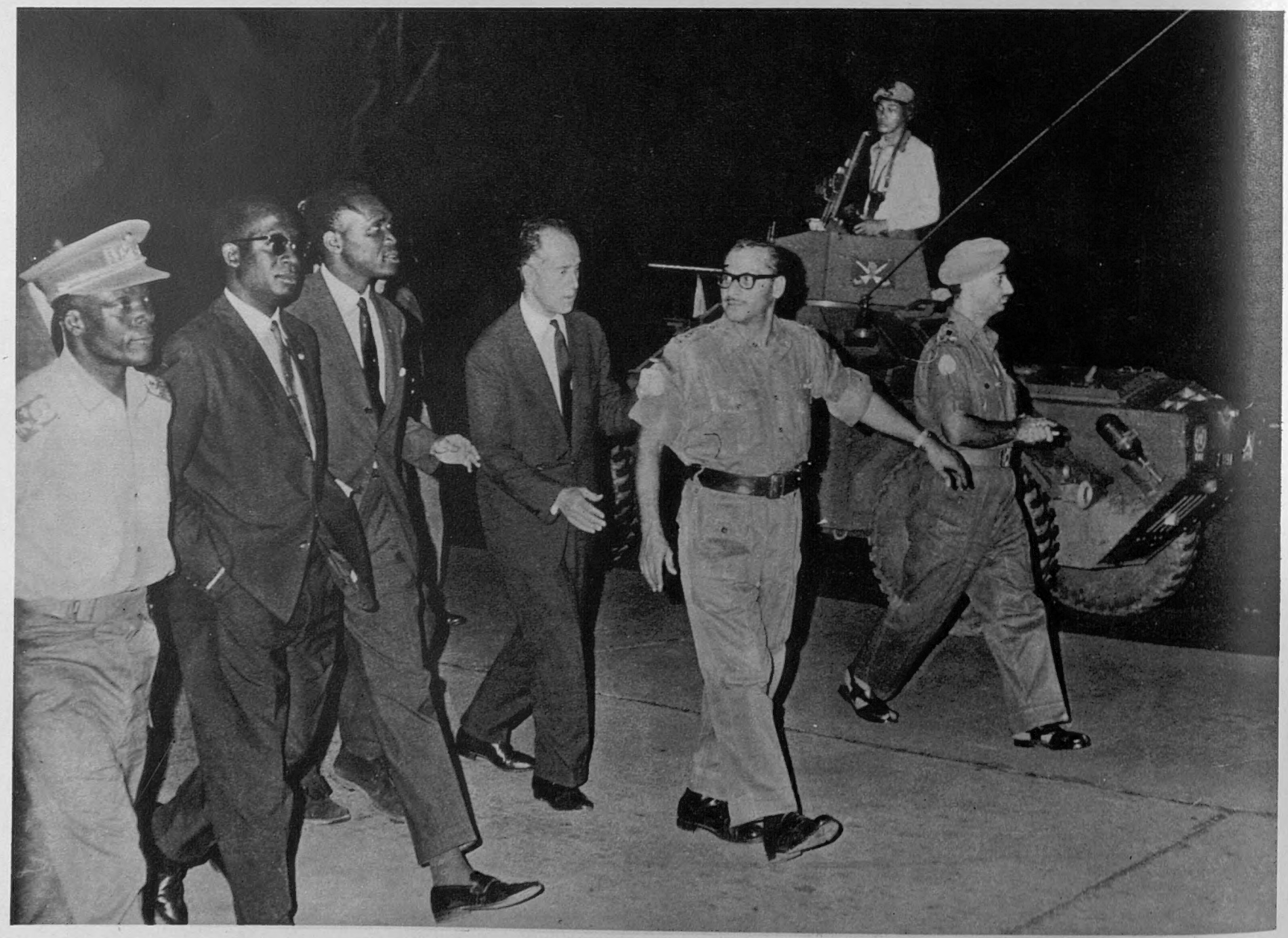
In **Jerusalem** on Monday the court of three judges trying Adolf Eichmann for Nazi war crimes found him guilty on all fifteen counts. The court had been in recess since August 14 after four months of hearings. The sentence was expected to be delivered later in the week.

President Tshombe of Katanga gives a Press interview in Paris

THE FIGHTING IN KATANGA

Mr. Urquhart (left) and Mr. Smith after being beaten up

The beating up by Katangan paratroops of two senior U.N. officials, Mr. Brian Urquhart, of Britain, and Mr. Ivan Smith, of Australia, in Elisabethville was the prelude to the outbreak of serious fighting. The arrival of a number of Katangan soldiers released from U.N. detention may have contributed to the deterioration of the situation. In the middle of last week the Katangans set up road blocks on the route to the airport in an attempt to cut off the U.N. guards there. In reply, the U.N. authorities authorised all action deemed necessary to restore complete freedom of movement for their forces and battles started in and around Elisabethville. U.N. reinforcements were flown in, the United States stepped up its airlift to the town and an air offensive was launched by Indian Canberras against Katangan aircraft on the ground. On hearing the news of the fighting, President Tshombe, who was on a visit to Paris, denounced the U.N. and flew back to Katanga immediately. Meanwhile in New York, U Thant, Secretary-General of the U.N., was reported to have finished his draft plan for a settlement of the whole Congo problem. One of his chief assistants was taking it out to Leopoldville. In London, Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P., in a letter to *The Times*, suggested that a conference of all the Congolese political leaders should be convened in Geneva by the U.N., on the lines of the Laos conference.



U.N. officials arriving to investigate in Elisabethville are escorted by Katanga's General Moke (extreme left) and Katanga's Foreign Minister Mr. Kimba (second from left)

United Nations forces are on the alert at the airport in Elisabethville. Katangan troops had established road-blocks outside the airport

Katangan soldiers after their release from a U.N. detention camp

Colonel Maitra at the wheel and some of his Gurkhas

Indians on guard on the road to Elisabethville airport

An armoured car of the Katangan army ready for action

JOHN CONNELL

SHOULD THEY COME OR NOT?

Few issues concerning relations with the Commonwealth in recent times have more deeply stirred and troubled British opinion than the Immigration Bill, which began a stormy passage in its Committee stages in the House of Commons last week. The extent to which it has been exploited as a weapon in Party political warfare is, of course, considerable and distasteful; but it is only fair to realise that not all the conflict about it is mere shadow-boxing, and that there are deep and genuine divisions of both opinion and feeling on it in this country.

The original purpose of the Bill was to diminish, though not (so far as I understand it) finally to prevent, the flow of immigrants to Britain from the " coloured " regions of the Commonwealth—the West Indies primarily, and (to some extent) India and Pakistan. It is curious and not without irony that, in the last phases of our colonial withdrawal, the West Indies should—after generations of placid, genteel, if poverty-stricken, obscurity—suddenly and violently matter again in British life, as they did in the first phases. Do ancient race memories stir, old hatreds growl, old passions burn, in what we all used to believe were grey ashes without a smoulder in them?

It would seem so; and we should, I think, have been wiser (or, at any rate, the Government would have been wiser) to admit frankly that there was, at the outset, a powerful colour implication in the Bill. This is an issue on which the special and different brands of cant habitual to each of our major political Parties are particularly nauseating as well as ineffective. For, as Miss Perham observed, in the fourth, of her immensely impressive series of Reith Lectures, we the British (though I admit she rather oddly lumped us among " the Germanic races ") have a deep-rooted colour-consciousness; we are physically, perhaps biologically, repelled by Negroes. If we are civilised, if we believe ourselves to be educated and "enlightened," we control, if we do not completely overcome, this repulsion. There ought to be no need to say—but, since this is a topic which inevitably attracts the attentions of the lunatic fringe, I have to say—that this repulsion is something of which we ought to be thoroughly ashamed. But its existence is a fact; the only way to begin to overcome it is to admit that it exists. To ignore it, as Miss Perham pointed out in her markedly sympathetic study of the fears and anxieties of British settlers in Kenya, helps nobody.

Sir Grantley Adams, West Indian Prime Minister, arrives in London for talks about immigration

The unco' guid hold up their hands in Pecksniffian horror at such frankness; and politics nowadays is almost synonymous with Pecksniff. But I hope and believe that the ranks of the unco' guid on this issue are shut to me for ever—if only for one very practical reason: I am a West Indian born. My father, a Colonial Service doctor, spent the first years of his honourable, selfless, if not wildly distinguished, career in the West Indies; my grandfather—oh, the quiet, sleepy years, when the mail came once a fortnight, and the worst that could befall was a hurricane, which did not bear some ghastly feminine, American code-name—ended his career as Commissioner for St. Kitt's and Nevis. My Connell forbears sleep, I hope, till Judgment Day in their graves in Antigua. I was a child of five when my father was posted elsewhere; and, as it happens, I have never been back. Scotland, not the Caribbean, is to me home; but I have deep, early and ancestral memories and sentiments about the West Indies. To that extent I am an interested party in this miserable controversy; and like most other people in my situation I have a split mind on it.

It is not indeed a matter on which it is easy to be logical and clear-headed—as the debates in the House of Commons have abundantly proved. Guilt, casuistry and resentful fear all lurk in the emotional undergrowth; they look like stifling the affection and the mutual respect which a century and a half of fairly peaceful co-existence had created and encouraged. I dislike this Bill; and I dislike what has been thought to be the necessity for it. I never thought that, after their boobyishness over Africa, I could feel pity for certain rather prominent members of the Government Front Bench; but a certain compassion creeps over me as I think of them sitting and facing the whips and scorpions of Mr. Gaitskell's impregnable if embittered self-righteousness.

One morning earlier this year I came into the Customs Hall at London Airport North, having flown out of Entebbe at midnight. On the other side of the congested alleyway the whole Customs staff of the airport was dealing with some eighty West Indian immigrants; and for one of those mysterious reasons which, like nurses over temperature charts, Customs officers will never explain, they were being given the full treatment—the young men in their pork-pie hats, vivid shirts and loose, thin suits, and the girls in their tight, frilly frocks which must have looked fine at the seeing-off party in Kingston the night before.

Who was I to judge them, to be irritated, to patronise, or even to commiserate? For these were not, and are not, aliens, in even the most rigorously technical sense. When the Immigration Bill was first announced, Sir Claude Auchinleck wrote a brief, moving letter to *The Times* drawing attention to its unhappy implications so far as Indians and Pakistanis are concerned—and who would have a better right than he to speak on behalf of those who so long lived, worked and soldiered with us? But the case of the West Indians—apart from the fact that far more of them have come, and are coming, to this country—is even more searching. We have to them an especial responsibility.

I do not mean the alleged " debt of guilt " over the slave-trade which is being exploited, with ruthless hypocrisy by extreme African nationalists and by Communists alike. I mean simply that their society is an extension of ours. They know no other language than English, and no other culture than ours. Such history as they know is ours; naked slaves, in the festering holds of the ships that carried them on that westward journey, took no history with them, though they did take dim ancestral and tribal memories. All that those slaves' descendants know of the rule of law, of the growth of democracy, of the spread of learning, they have learned as we have learned, not merely from textbooks, but by the same practical processes.

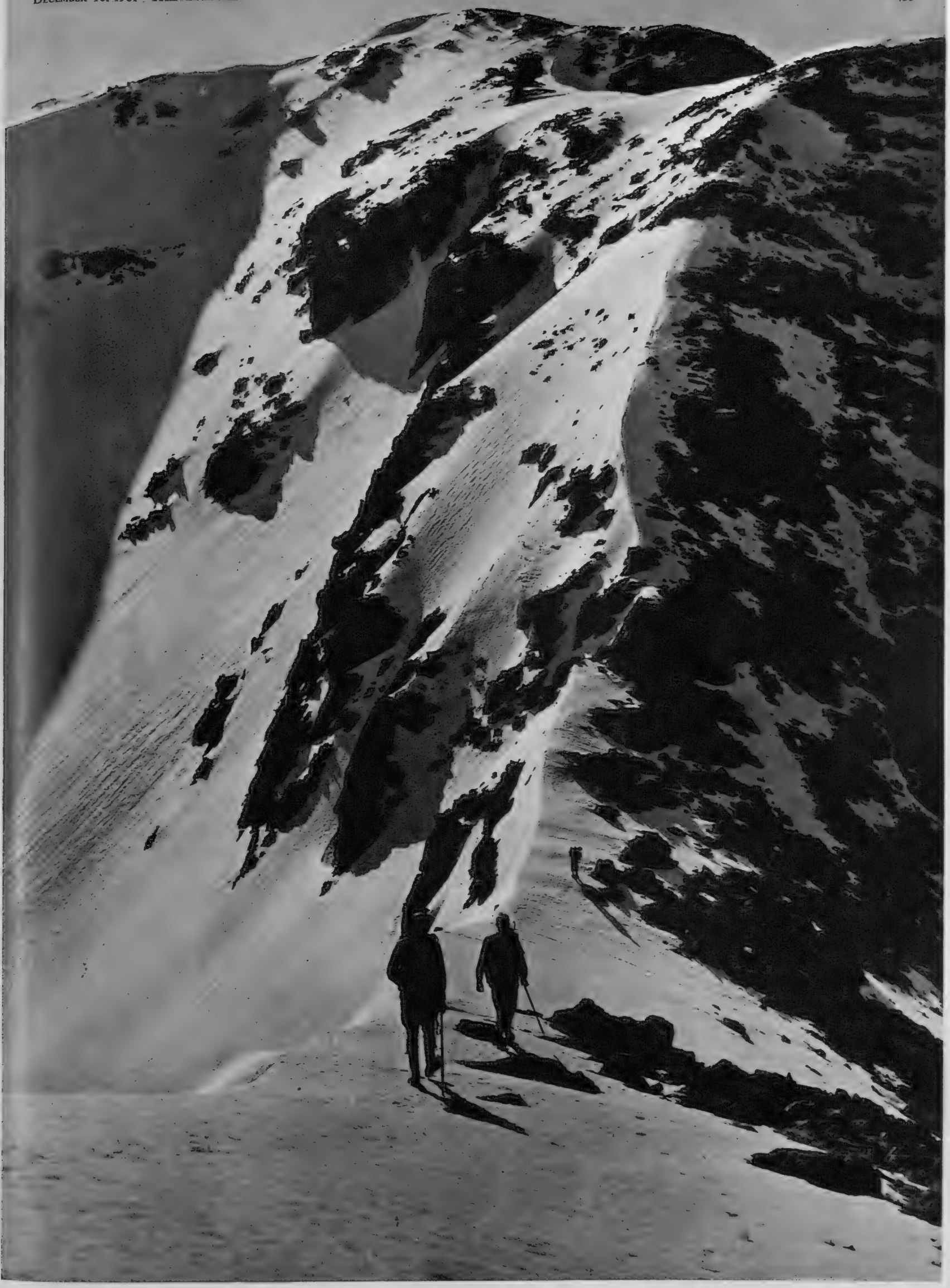
The islands in which they live were the setting of some of the earliest experiments in the export of "Westminster model" democracy—in which their ancestors took as little part as did at the same time the ancestors of most of us, the ploughmen, the potboys, the maidservants, the shepherds, the ostlers and the fishermen from whom we, the mass-suffrage British electorate, are descended. And, as Sir Alan Burns remarked, in his *History of the British West Indies*, which was published several years ago, " British seapower and the naval tradition were developed in West Indian waters, where many of Britain's greatest sailors served and learned their business, and nowhere has the influence of seapower had a greater effect on history. The West Indian islands in their day were valuable possessions, and their story is one of brave deeds and romance and, unfortunately, of abominable cruelty."

Out of this strange mingling of violence and beauty, cruelty and courage, there developed a multiracial society, into which I was born long before the word had become fashionable. But it is, at base, a British-created society; and it has ties of immense durability with our society. Some time ago I found myself, for a year or two, reviewing for the B.B.C. Overseas Service, a succession of West Indian novels, and judging West Indian short story competitions. Their themes, their ideas, their modes of expression and their patterns of thought were all rooted in English literature. They showed, I thought, a certain obsessive attachment to violence and lust, but what about the writers of our own (first) Elizabethan era? They welled out in torrents of opulent imagery, with very little restraint, but again what about the Elizabethans?

To West Indians, for good or ill, this country has always stood in a parental relationship—by adoption it may be, and by the fierce, far-away accidents of history—and, as anyone knows who has had any experience of social work, if " Dad " and/or " Mum " rejects an adopted child, the consequences are likely to be stormy and painful all round.

This is our dilemma—one more of the heritages of a simpler, grander past with which we, in our time, have been saddled. The main motive for West Indian immigration is, of course, economic. This nearly all immigrants will concede. But the shocks which accompany social and cultural disillusionment, revealed in the desolate faces and angry words of returning ex-immigrants who have had their bellyful of Britain, will be as nothing compared with the wrath and the bitterness of the closed door.

The pleasant little story of the telegram sent to George V on August 4, 1914, " Go on, Sir, Barbados is with you " was always a bit mythical; but associations, as odd and as deep as those which have bound the people of these little remote Caribbean islands, ought not to be lightly destroyed. Against the West Indian argument cold logic, as I have said, is of little or no use; nor will priggish cant help. Understanding—among ourselves as much as among the West Indians—is the only solution; to build it needs time; and over this as over so much else we have so little time.



Climbers on a sunlit ridge leading to the summit of Bidean Nam Bian (3,766 ft.), one of the highest peaks in the National Trust Property in Glencoe, Argyllshire. The Mountain lies to the south of the glen, behind one of the "Three Sisters of Glencoe" peaks. Winter sports in Scotland have become increasingly popular in recent years and Glencoe now has a chair-lift in operation leading to a ski-tow. The Scottish Tourist Board believe that the recent falls of snow and improved facilities will lead to a boom in Scottish ski-ing this winter

SUNLIGHT AND SNOW IN GLENCOE

Photograph by A. D. S. MacPherson

b

The machinery section of The Royal Smithfield Show and Agricultural Machinery Exhibition at Earls Court, London. Foreground is a combine harvester

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

LORDS REFORM AGAIN? It is said that Messrs. Macleod and Gaitskell are getting together to frame a new motion to set up a joint committee of both Houses to consider Lords reform once more. That is a distant enough prospect of achieving any reform worth having. When the motion of last session was tabled, the Opposition refused to co-operate. Now it is thought that if the principle of paying the Lords is to be an issue in reform, the Opposition might co-operate provided the Government agree to write-in a promise to consider raising M.P.s' salaries again by another £1,000 a year or so. All this seems far from relevant to any serious effort to reduce in size, and to remove patent anomalies in, the present structure of the Upper House. If a Joint Committee were set up composed of all parties, I doubt if it would go far if any return of the lost powers of the Upper House were on its agenda for discussion. Socialists and Liberals will never stand for any return of powers, and any question of paying peers fixed salaries (those who attend already receive fair allowances) would be very unpopular until the composition had been fined down to a quarter of its present potential and that quarter vetted as "effectives" and compelled to regular attendance. At the moment it looks as if the chance of serious and effective reform is as distant as ever and that co-operation in a joint committee could achieve no more than putting working Members in both Houses on a "dignified" scale of salary worthy of their important labours on behalf of the nation. There might be speed and goodwill in the committee in agreeing to that in good time before the next General Election, when such a proposal might be even less popular with electors. Certainly the idea of reforming the Upper House by raising the salaries of Members of *both* Houses (or of either) is not my notion of the reform of composition and anomalies which is so badly needed if any kind of effective revising Chamber is to survive another decade or a change of Government.

AT BIRCH GROVE. "What songs the sirens sang" at Birch Grove will probably never be fully known until, fifty years hence, the Premier's and de Gaulle's archives are released and published. Until then they will

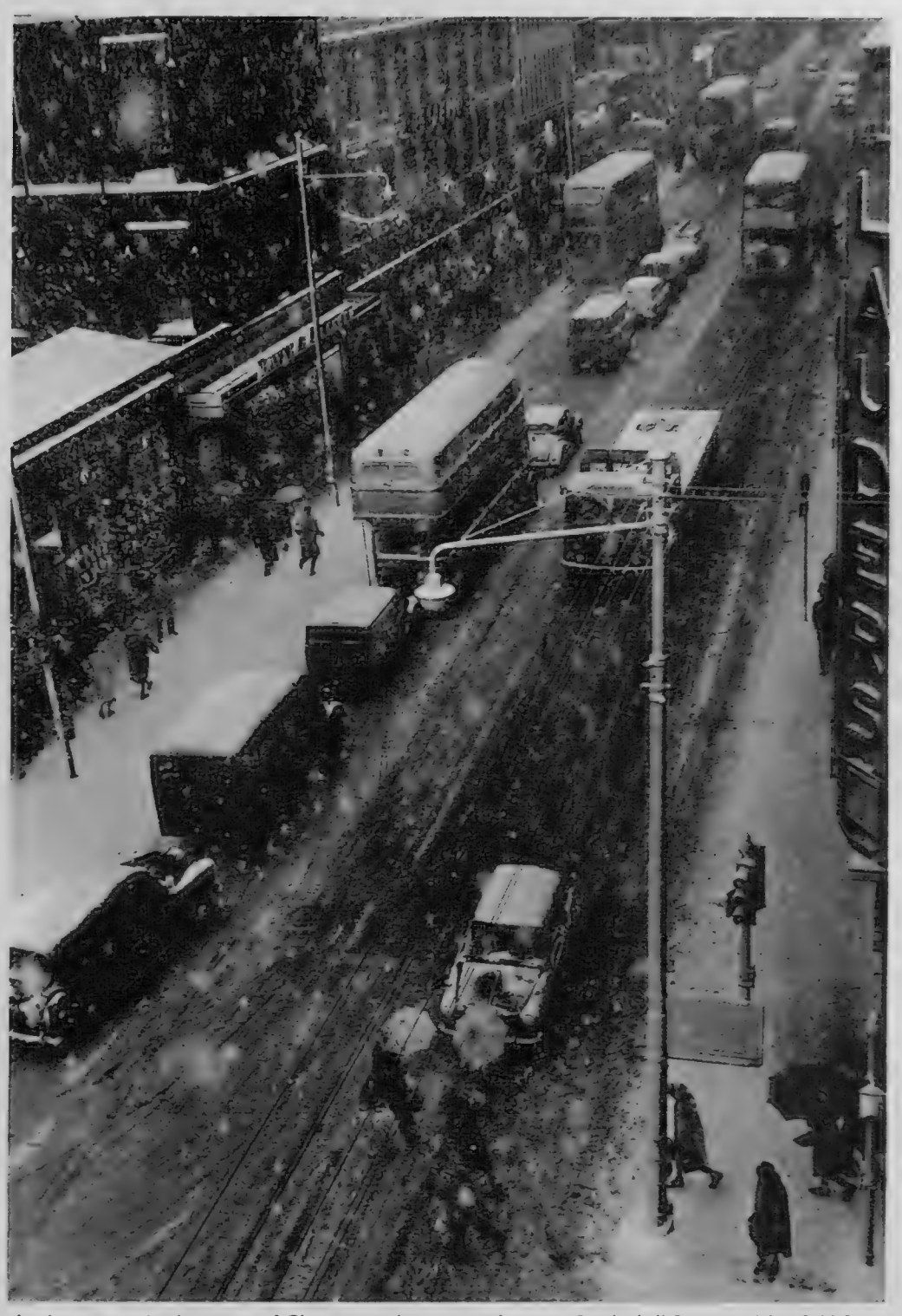
"THE SPHERE" CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Shoppers on their way home with their purchases on Christmas Eve provide the theme of Lucien Lowen's cover for this year's Christmas Number, which is now on sale. Colour pages include Geoffrey Fletcher's impressions of the Edwardian era; a seascape by Montague Dawson; Pauline Baynes' paintings of autumn and winter; an Isenbrandt Madonna; Tissot's *Convalescent*; and William McLaren's illustrations for *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*. In black and white are many illustrated articles on such diverse subjects as the Boxing Day Meet and Vintage Motor Cars. This year's short story is by Stella Gibbons.

To buy copies for yourself or for your friends, order through any branch of W. H. Smith, Wymans, John Menzies, or any other newsagent. "The Sphere" Christmas Number costs 5s., incluaing postage.

A giant snowplough stops at a stranded lorry on the Perth-Inverness road, which was blocked for days by deep snow

In heavy snow, cars move slowly on a road near Perth. Last week, most of Scotland was hit by blizzards and snowstorms. The bad weather spread south to parts of England. According to the A.A., the road conditions in the North were " as bad as they have ever been." One of the worst hit areas was Glencoe, in Argyll-shire. Eleven people spent over twenty-hours sheltering in the back of a furniture van during the blizzard. There were drifts of snow in the Glen up to 20 ft. deep and the conditions there were described as the worst in living memory. Many main roads were blocked last week. In one county alone, Inverness-shire, over sixty snowploughs were in action on main routes



A wintry scene in the centre of Glasgow, at the junction between Sauchiehall Street and Renfield Street

remain as speculative as the name which Achilles assumed " when he hid himself among the women." And, fifty years hence, historians will be hard put to it to relate the influence of those songs on the state of Britain and Europe in the year 2011. We have grown accustomed to receive with a cynical smile an agreed formula that follows confidential talks between Heads of State. We are always told (and believe) that they were conducted in a friendly atmosphere, that useful avenues were explored fruitfully, and so on. And even when Hitler was one of the participants, we never expected a bout of fisticuffs any more than we pictured two grave statesmen culling golden fruit in little baskets down a long avenue of plum trees. Of course, it is desirable at all times for Heads of State, whether friendly or antipathetic, to get together, get to know each other better and exchange views, if only that such personal contacts compel them (as an exchange of ripostes typed or spoken on platforms do *not*) to adopt civilised behaviour and a certain politeness as between host and guest. (One probably offers the other a cocktail or cup of tea or they may break off to look at the view or pat the dog.) More such meetings are already arranged between Heads of States. But how often in the past decades such personal exchanges of views have moved one participant to modify his opinions in deference to the other's is another question. It is something to have shared civilised behaviour for a few hours.

THE OTHER PACK RESHUFFLED. Very wisely, Mr. Gaitskell has shuffled his pack against the great (and terrible?) day when Labour returns to power. He is quite right. Cabinet Ministers should be Jacks-of-all-trades—and masters of all they can. To adapt a quintet from *Patience:*

> Then James shall take the Treasure,
> Harold wed the Foreign dear,
> And George shall have the homely,
> And Gordon woo the Spear.
> While Denis takes the Colonel—
> And the devil take Saphir!

And if there be any aspirant for highest honours left out, " he will have to be contented with our heartfelt sympathy." But I make no doubt Mr. Gaitskell was well advised to shuffle. Shadow-boxing can grow boring, and a bruiser needs a new ball to punch.

TEACHING TEENAGERS. Contributing an article to the Johannesburg *Sunday Times*, a South African schoolteacher recently gave her experiences of a 1,000-strong British school, in which she had been teaching English and history for six months. Herself a B.A., she humbly explained her assignment to the acute shortage of teachers in England which resulted in " almost anyone being taken on." She was probably qualified to teach English and possibly history in such a school. She is certainly qualified as a critical castigator. The children she taught were " mere thugs," and many of them either successful or aspiring prostitutes. " The worst South African children are angels compared with the young devils in my class [in England]." Twice she was " beaten up." Once she saw two of her fifteen-year-old girls, made up to look like twenty-year-olds, emerging from a pub with cigarettes dangling and plastered with paint. She found in an exercise-book of a pretty fifteen-year-old a letter accepting a man's offer of a bed in his flat. The girls talked openly of sex and boasted of their experiences. Mascara *ad lib* and long, painted finger-nails and stiletto heels are a normal part of school uniform. . . . And so on. Needless to say, the school authorities indignantly denied the charges. We have heard it all before, have believed some of it, and yet usually suspect propaganda in these revelations. Soon after, we were told of Chicago gangster methods employed in a school near Slough. But if propaganda is mixed with " fair criticism " in this South African's observations, it is a puzzle to discover to what cause it is addressed. It is, of course, a bitter criticism of teenage children in England and of English public education. But it does not seem to be coloured by the colour question, and certainly does not uphold the superiority of the white races. So perhaps it is just anti-British, or (to put the most favourable construction on the article) the hasty and partial observations of a visiting teacher. If true, 'tis pity. Pity 'tis, if not true. The character of the teacher (with or without a cane) decides the character of the pupils all the world over.

THE OLD STAGER

PRINCESS IDA: King Gama (John Reed) and Princess Ida (Jean Hindmarsh) in "What fiend possesses thee . . ."

PRINCESS IDA: Guron (John Banks); Cyril (Thomas Round); and Arac (Donald Adams) in "We are warriors three . . ."

ENTERTAINMENT

G. AND S.

The D'Oyly Carte Opera Season at the Savoy

PIRATES OF PENZANCE: Act one finale with top right the Pirate King (Donald Adams)

YEOMEN OF THE GUARD: The jester (John Reed) in "I have a song to sing," with chorus (John Ellison, Jacqueline Mitchell, Brenda Gale) and Elsie (Jennifer Toye)

Specially photographed by John Blomfield

Fifty years ago W. S. Gilbert died, having outlived his partner, Sullivan. This means that at the end of this year, the copyright on their operas runs out. Until now the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company have held the sole performing rights in Britain but next spring they will see professional competition in a field in which they have upheld the traditions of Gilbert and Sullivan for so long. For their current three-month season at the Savoy Theatre, many costumes and settings have been redesigned. Originally built for Richard d'Oyly Carte, but modernised in the 1920s, the Savoy saw its first performance of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera—*Patience*—on October 10, 1881. Others followed in quick succession and the present season includes the seventy-fifth anniversary performances of *Ruddigore* on January 22 to 24. The opening night at the beginning of this week was of *Trial by Jury* and *H.M.S. Pinafore*. Next week *Patience* and *Iolanthe* are being performed and over the Christmas period it will be *Princess Ida*. Although it has not been popular in the past, this opera, based on a parody by Gilbert of Tennyson's long poem *The Princess*, has recently been showing signs of enjoying a revival.

IOLANTHE: The chorus in the

GONDOLIERS: The Duke of Plaza-Toro (John Reed)

GONDOLIERS: The Grand Inquisitor (Kenneth Sandford) departs in a gondola

PATIENCE: Bunthorne (John Reed) and the chorus in "We 're Swears and Wells young girls . . . ." Centre left is Patience (Mary Sansom)

ance of the Peers in Act One

MIKADO: "Three little maids"—Peepbo (Peggy Ann Jones); Yum Yum (Jennifer Toye) and Pitti Sing (Joyce Wraight)

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

WEST INDIES

Trinidad's General Election and the future of the Federation

In the General Election in Trinidad on Monday of last week the People's National Movement of Dr. Eric Williams was returned with a convincing lead. It won twenty out of the thirty seats in the island's House of Representatives. This was the first election under the new 1961 Constitution which conferred full internal self-government. At the 1956 election the P.N.M. won thirteen out of the twenty-four elected seats provided under the previous Constitution. Last week's vote of confidence in the Williams administration should now clear the way for a statement from the Prime Minister on Trinidad's attitude to the West Indies Federation, the future of which is at the moment in the balance.

The idea of Federation began in the West Indies between the wars, but the first major impetus towards it was the dispatch which was sent in March 1945 by the late Oliver Stanley, then Colonial Secretary. This stated that the aim of British Government policy in the Caribbean would be to achieve Federation of the British colonial territories in that area.

Accordingly, a series of conferences were held beginning with the Montego Bay Conference of 1947. At these a plan was gradually evolved for the Federation as a political and economic unit of Jamaica, Trinidad and Tobago, Barbados and the seven territories of the Leeward and Windward Islands. In 1956 an Act was passed at Westminster which established the Federation and a Federal Constitution came into force in 1958. At elections held in that year the Federal Labour Party was returned and Sir Grantley Adams, formerly Prime Minister of Barbados, became Federal Prime Minister.

There was already some measure of co-operation between the unit territories in such organisations as the University College of the West Indies, the long-standing West India Regiment, the Regional Economic Committee, which had been responsible for Overseas Representation, trade, meteorological services and shipping services, and the Development and Welfare Organisation through which Britain gave technical assistance and advice. Together with industrial co-operation these were expanded alongside the political idea.

Dr. Eric Williams, Trinidad's Premier

The two most important islands were Jamaica and Trinidad, whose greater population and potential were considered to be essential to enable the Federation to make an economic " take-off." Jamaica, with a population of 1,600,000, contributes 43.1 per cent of the Federal levy, and Trinidad, with 825,000 people, contributes 38.6 per cent.

The whole Federation was reviewed in June 1961, with the object of granting full independence within the Commonwealth. At the opening of the Conference, Mr. Macleod, then Colonial Secretary, said : " There is no territory which is more fitted to assume full independence than the West Indies." The Conference was complicated by the divergence evident between the loose association proposed by Jamaica and the centralised unit supported by Trinidad.

Dr. Williams is known to be an advocate of a strong Federation. In *The Economics of Nationhood*, a Trinidad Government pamphlet published in 1959, it was stated that " A Federal Government in attempting the profoundly difficult task of laying the foundation of a national economy, must have complete command of all its material and other resources." The pamphlet went on to say that a tightly-knit Federation was required, and " The Policy of this Government therefore is that there should be allocated to the Centre a far wider range of powers than it at present possesses." It listed the items it considered should be on the " Exclusive " and the " Concurrent " lists (exclusive Federal responsibilities and responsibilities shared with unit territories) and stressed particularly the establishment of a customs union and the economic development and integration of the area. Islands with a long history of isolation could only be united through a common allegiance to a powerful central Government. In this atmosphere the Trinidad Government expected " an increase on social discipline, an outburst of creative activity directed to the improvement of the economy, and a general increase in the productivity of labour which will be one of the most powerful forces working towards the raising of the material standards and cultural levels of the new West Indies nation."

At the June conference at Lancaster House, in London, Dr. Williams was believed to have compromised his views considerably in order to keep Jamaica in the Federation, although details of vital areas of discussion such as the customs union and movement within the Federation were uneasily postponed to another conference which was to have been held in London in January 1962. This was also to discuss the economic relations of Britain with an independent Federation. Independence Day was fixed for May 31, 1962.

However, in September this year, a referendum held in Jamaica rejected altogether membership of the Federation by a narrow margin. Accordingly the June proposals were suspended, and arrangements were made for Jamaica to progress alone to independence after a conference early next year. The future of the rest of the Federation had to wait for Trinidad, without whose financial support the smaller islands would not be able to survive as a viable economic unit.

Dr. Williams refused to make an announcement until after the election, which he preferred to fight on his own extremely good domestic record rather than on the Federal issue. It was anticipated that if he did decide to throw in his lot with the smaller islands he would insist on considerable revisions in the Federal Constitution on the lines of the proposals in *The Economics of Nationhood*. If he were to opt out, considering the increased power and status to be not worth the increased burden, the future of the smaller islands would appear to be uncertain and probably difficult. To sum up, Sir Grantley Adams said in a speech immediately after the Jamaican referendum result, " Everything depends on Trinidad."

The items in " The Voice of the Commonwealth " are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of " The Sphere "

Below: The steel framework of the Gladesville Bridge which is being built over the Parramatta River, in Sydney, Australia. This framework is to be withdrawn when the large concrete arch under which large boats will be able to pass, has been built

WEALTH

Mr. Dunstan Omari, the High Commissioner for Tanganyika, at the Tanganyika Independence Exhibition at the Commonwealth Institute, London. The Exhibition closes on December 31

The Governor of Fiji, Sir Kenneth Maddocks, inspects a guard of honour by the Royal New Zealand Air Force after opening the Fiji Legislative Council Budget Session

BOOK REVIEW

A civil servant's view of the partition of India

The terrible happenings that attended the birth of India and Pakistan in 1947 are now too far back to be news, yet too near for complete historical detachment. The best we can hope for at the moment are works like Mr. Penderel Moon's DIVIDE AND QUIT (Chatto and Windus. 30s.). Mr. Moon, who was originally in the Indian Civil Service, and since 1948 has been serving under the Government of India in various capacities, has written his own version of the coming of Indian independence based on his experiences at the time.

He begins with a resumé of the events leading up to the partition. This is clear and factual and the author leans over backwards to be impartial. No one escapes criticism. Jinnah, " a cold serpent-like figure," was intransigent in his demands and was possibly insincere when he first raised the cry for Pakistan. Gandhi, in spite of his heroism during the actual strife, had a great facility for self-deception. " Following the promptings of an inner voice he was all too often careless of the consequences," and led Congress into many mistakes, especially in the vital years 1937-42. The British responsibility lay in delaying the transference of political power once they had introduced democracy in 1919.

The author considers that the Mountbatten Plan which rushed independence and partition in 1947 " with all its defects and promise of bloodshed . . . was perhaps the best that could be devised." By 1946 a Union of India would have been a house divided against itself " resulting in a Civil War far more devastating in its effects than the severe but short-lived blood-letting in the Punjab."

The rest of the book is taken up with an eye-witness account of the impact of partition on a state adjacent to the Punjab, Bahawalpur, where the author was the senior British Assistant to the Nawab's Muslim Minister. In the Punjab, the Hindu-Muslim antagonism was complicated by the presence of the proud Sikh community, and any arbitrary division was bound to produce communal strife and migration on a large scale. Bahawalpur contained elements of this situation. Being a Muslim majority State and placed inside Pakistan at the division, all the Hindu and Sikh minority were driven out or slaughtered within four months. All this is seen through the eyes of a civil servant desperately trying to impose order, and the author's dry impersonal style heightens the horror of the tragedy.

The book contains nothing of the Imperialist sour grapes implicit in the title. Mr. Moon's point of view, in the best I.C.S. tradition, is essentially that of the administrator, deploring the blindness and cloudy idealism of nationalist politics on the sub-continent. At one point, commenting on Gandhi's lack of realism, he tersely remarks " Practical statesmen have to bow to the logic of facts."

Although necessarily incomplete (the overall picture becomes submerged in the particular as the book proceeds), this work will be a valuable original source when the definitive history of the withdrawal of the British Raj comes to be written.

M. K. W.

The centrepiece rose-bowl and two candelabra of a set of silverware worth £5,500 which has been presented to the Royal Rhodesian Air Force by the South African millionaire, Mr. J. S. Schlesinger. The presentation took place at the R.R.A.F. base at New Sarum, near Salisbury, the capital of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Sir Roy Welensky was at the presentation dinner

END OF THE TOUR

The Queen flew into a cold, wintry London last week at the end of her month-long tour of West Africa, during which she covered 10,000 miles and visited Ghana, Liberia, Sierra Leone, Gambia and Senegal. She was not accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, who flew on to Tanganyika to attend the independence ceremonies. The last stages of the Royal tour of West Africa comprised a three-day visit to Gambia and a brief stay in Dakar. While in Gambia, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh saw something of the interior of the tiny country, visiting trading posts and bush villages. They went to James Island, the first place to be colonised by the British in West Africa, during the seventeenth century.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh step ashore at Bathurst, Gambia. They are with the Governor, Sir Edward Windley

The Queen is with the Bishop of Gambia, the Right Rev. St. John Pike, at Saint Mary's pro-cathedral, Bathurst

In McCarthy Square, Bathurst, the Queen and the Duke watch a march-past of infant schoolchildren waving Union Jacks

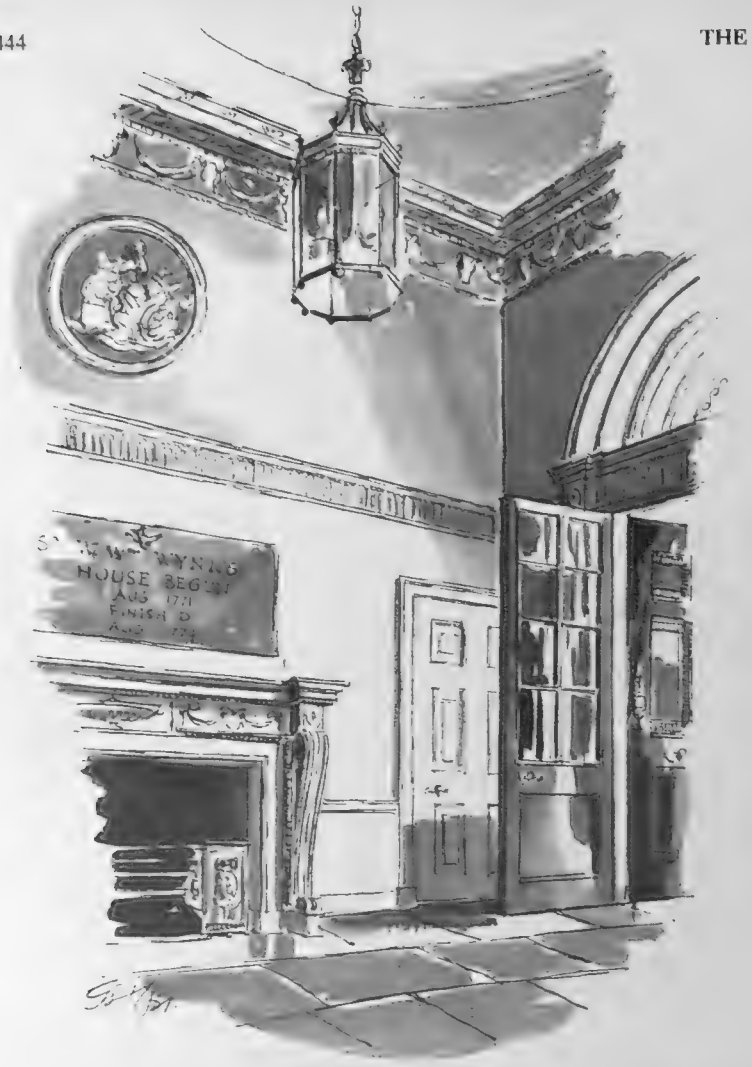
A gift for the Prince of Wales

In Freetown, the Queen presides for the first time over the Parliament of Sierra Leone. The eight-month-old, circular Chamber has walls covered in rich woods

The Queen at a hospital in Bathurst, Gambia. **Right:** She receives the "Humble Address" from the Speaker of the Sierra Leone House of Representatives, Mr. H. J. L. Boston

"AN AIR OF GRANDEUR"

Drawings by Geoffrey S. Fletcher



The entrance hall to Distillers House with the plaque showing its date

In 1776, Henry Fielding, novelist and magistrate, wrote these words about St. James's Square in London. "Although the Appearance of the Square hath an Air of Grandeur . . . The Houses are built more for the Convenience of their opulent and noble Possessors than for causing Surprize in the Beholders." Today the appearance of the square has greatly changed, but there are some parts of it which maintain the air of grandeur of two centuries ago. Among them is No. 20, the main London office of The Distillers Company Ltd.

When Fielding wrote *A Brief Description of the Cities of London and Westminster*, No. 20 was the newest building in St. James's Square. Designed by Adam, it had been completed two years previously. This is the historic part of Distillers House, which also includes the far more recently-built No. 21. The façade of the two premises has been combined in a most skilful construction and wartime bomb damage to both houses has been carefully restored.

On entering No. 20 one sees in the hall above the Adam fireplace the original lead tablet stating "Sr: W: Wms: Wynn's House Begun Aug 1771 Finish'd Aug 1774." Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, an M.P. and amateur of the arts, had purchased an old house on the site, demolished it and commissioned the leading architect of the day, Robert Adam, to plan the new building. The Wynn family remained in possession until 1906. From that date until 1920 Lord Strathmore was the occupant.

The Adam Music Room at 20, St. James's Square. It is now used as a committee room

The Board Room. This was originally the Second Withdrawing Room. The door panels and the paintings inset in the ceiling are by Antonio Zucchi

He was the father of Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, who must have been familiar with the interior in her younger days.

As already noted, Sir Watkin Williams Wynn was an amateur of the arts. A music room was an essential part of his house. This now is used for committee meetings. The original decorations are still there. They are the work of Antonio Zucchi, who was responsible for much else in the decorations of the house. His artist wife, Angelica Kauffman, may have helped him. A notable painting above the double doorway represents "Shepherds and Nimphs doing honor to the Ashes of Correlli or Handel." The artist charged £50 for it.

The Music Room opens from the hall. Before reaching it one passes the old Eating Room, now used as an office and called the Front Room. A segmental apse is screened by a pair of fluted Corinthian columns (they can be seen reflected in the mirror in Geoffrey Fletcher's drawing). As elsewhere in No. 20, the bulk of the furniture in the Front Room is of the right period and tones in with the surroundings.

On the next floor, above the Music Room, the Distillers Company directors have their board room in the former Second Withdrawing Room. The ceiling is one of Zucchi's triumphs. The paintings on paper affixed to the panels have for their themes such subjects as the chariots of Venus, Nymphs, Shepherdesses and Aphrodite rising from the sea. One imagines they must sometimes distract attention from such mundane matters as balance sheets.

The Distillers Company includes an Industrial Group with many far-ranging interests. But, Board meetings apart, the business transacted at Distillers House is largely concerned with whisky and gin. It is greatly to the credit of the present occupants that, when in 1935 they took over No. 20, they did not pull it down and put up a modern office in its place. Instead they chose to preserve its character and structure and keep Fielding's air of grandeur in a corner of St. James's Square.

Charles Dimont

The Front Room, which Adam designed as the Eating Room. The ornate carvings on the chimneypiece include ram's heads below the mantelpiece

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

TWO MILES TO ANOTHER WORLD

I have recently moved house. As the crow flies I now live no more than two miles from my former home, and that is no distance at all. You might well say that I still live in the same neighbourhood, that I have scarcely moved at all. In fact, I have moved into another world.

The country is quite different. My former home was on a hill, a good high hill; and a long hill, all of a mile-and-a-half from foot to crest. You looked out over a wide valley, in which nestled the town, to the hill and the castle on the other side. Though, since I first went there, all the land around has been sold for development and everywhere is now built up, so that the village has been absorbed by the town and has become a suburb, it is still a high open situation with a good wide view.

Now, I live in a land of short steep hills, very well-wooded, and deep, narrow valleys, some of them so narrow that they are little more than gullies. The cottage is almost at the foot of one of these short steep hills, and the garden (which also runs up the hill to include a small wood of tall Scots firs) runs down to a little stream. The view is restricted to the wooded hill on the other side of the valley. This is definitely not a view to stretch the eyes, though it is quite a broad valley for these parts, maybe 100 yards or more.

But the real difference is not in the countryside. I have lived around here for some thirty years, and I know this countryside pretty well—this strange, rather foreign, jumble of hills and valleys, each with its huddle of little cottages. I have walked over it time and again. I knew most of the hills, most of the valleys, perhaps all of them (though certainly not all the paths) long before I came to live in my new home. I did not really think that I was coming to live in anything very different. I had no idea of the vast difference a mere two miles can make.

I suppose that it must have been a day or so after I had moved that I asked one of the locals the way, the quickest way, to the nearest pillar-box. He waved an arm rather aimlessly: " You go over the lake and down the slit, and 'tis there in the wall on your right."

Well, as I say, I have lived around here for thirty years. As far as I knew there was not a lake nearer than five miles. Certainly I had never heard anyone speak of one. But I followed the general direction of the wave, crossed the little stream at the bottom of the garden and kept on walking. After about a mile I came to the conclusion that I must have misinterpreted the wave, for there was no sign of a lake. So I asked again. This time the wave was back towards the way I had come: " You go down the slit and 'tis there on your right." As I had not the slightest idea what a " slit " was—the word was quite new to me—I asked, anxious to save time, and was told that I had to take the footpath between two cottages. Sure enough, there was the pillar box. The last collection for the day had been two hours earlier. The " lake " I discovered later was merely the stream at the foot of the garden.

Now, the odd thing about this is that, in thirty years of living in this neighbourhood, I had not heard either term before. And it is not that I had not had conversation with these villagers before. I had, many times. Had I heard these terms I am quite sure that I should have noted them, as I am particularly interested in local names.

" Lake " seems a curious word to use to describe what is, in fact, a very small stream: a " winterbourne," which, in most summers, is bone dry, although in winter it can be a torrent, rushing along bank high and liable to flood. Of course, there was never a lake here. Lake is merely the Old English " lacu," meaning a stream. It is interesting that it should have survived, and more interesting still, that it should have survived only in this small area of tumbled hills and tiny valleys. Two miles away nobody ever uses it. Two miles away it is unknown.

" Slit " is much more difficult. I do not know the derivation, and I have been unable to find the word in this sense in any of my books of reference. In the First World War, I remember, we used to talk of " slit trenches ": perhaps there is some connection, though slit round here is very much older than the First World War. A " slit " is a narrow path. But not all narrow paths are slits. Folk around here talk about " slits " and " cuts " and " paths " (though, actually, they never seem to use the word " path," but always " footpath ") and it is obvious that there is a clear mental distinction between them. It is all very complicated and I do not pretend to have got it all at my finger-tips yet.

So far as I can make out a footpath is not just a path for pedestrians, but rather a path that is really narrow, a path a foot wide, a path along which you can walk only in single file. A slit may be just as narrow, but must (I think) be sunken a little below the surrounding surface; almost a trench, in fact. A " cut " is wider than a slit (Roget gives cut as a synonym for path, by the way). You can get a tractor down a cut. But a cut is definitely not a lane. I do not know what is the distinction between them, but the locals certainly do because some ways are lanes and are always referred to as such, and others (perhaps just a little more overgrown?) are cuts and are always referred to as such.

Why did I never hear " lake " and " slit " before? I think that it can only be that, when I have walked through these parts in the past, I have been a " foreigner " even though I lived but two miles away and so I was addressed, with the instinctive politeness of the English villager, in terms which I could understand.

It is astonishing that these two words should have survived. It is not that we are isolated. There is a frequent bus service from the top of the hill. Every cottage has either radio or television, or both. Many of the villagers work in the neighbouring town and many go off on motor-cycles to work in factories round about. But the words are not used outside this restricted area: the villagers shed them as they leave, pick them up again on their return. Neither are they words just surviving among a few elderly folk. The young go off to grammar school, to secondary schools, to technical colleges, where they are taught to " speak proper." When they return they too speak of the stream as " the lake," and direct you " down the slit." These are living words, meaningful words.

It is most refreshing to find such individuality in this age of standardisation. And, personally, I find it most satisfactory that in a moment I am going to cross the lake and go down the slit to post this to an office in London. I am beginning to feel quite Anglo-Saxon.

Oakham School convert their second try in their away game against Stamford School, Lincolnshire

T. D. Cory, of Oakham (extreme right), goes for the ball after a scrum

The Stamford scrum-half, A. G. Benton, passes. Behind him is T. K. Bullimore

Although tackled by G. Cutting, N. Noton scores for Oakham

PUBLIC SCHOOLS FOOTBALL

STAMFORD v OAKHAM

Played under excellent conditions at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, the match between Stamford School and Oakham School resulted in a fine win for the visitors by 14 points to nil. Oakham's scoring was made up of one goal, two tries, and one penalty goal. But the game was by no means one-sided. Stamford, who were without their captain, P. D. Thompson, through injury, pressed hard to gain a territorial advantage in the early stages. Oakham's defence held out and they were able to launch combined attacks by their three-quarters. The pattern of the game became clear. It was necessary for the Stamford forwards to deny possession to the Oakham backs, who always looked dangerous. At half-time the only score was a try by A. G. Barlow. After the interval, Oakham gained more of the ball and were able to mount a number of handling movements. A. G. Barlow kicked a penalty goal. Then the Oakham fly-half, J. J. Smith, cut inside the covering defence to score under the posts. His try was converted by Barlow. The final try was scored by N. H. Noton, who went over in the corner despite being tackled by G. A. G. Cutting. Before the end of the game, Stamford were reduced to fourteen players when J. D. Horton was injured.

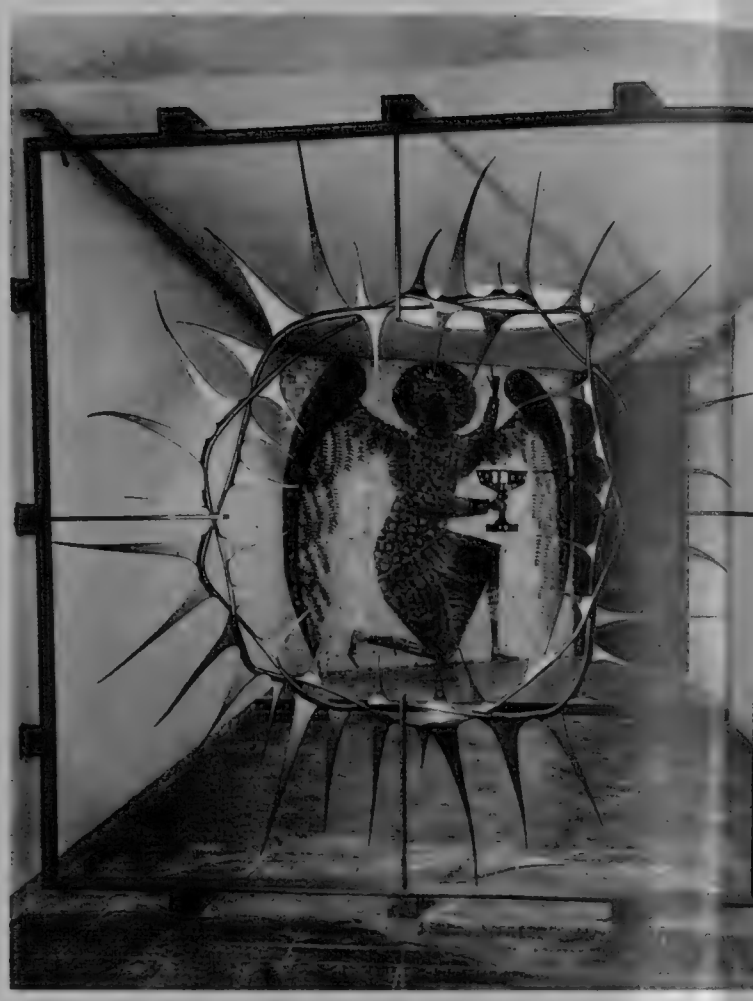
The Oakham captain, T. D. Cory, kicks for touch. Behind is S. G. Duxbury

A. C. Baggaley, the Oakham scrum-half, is tackled by J. A. Sprawson

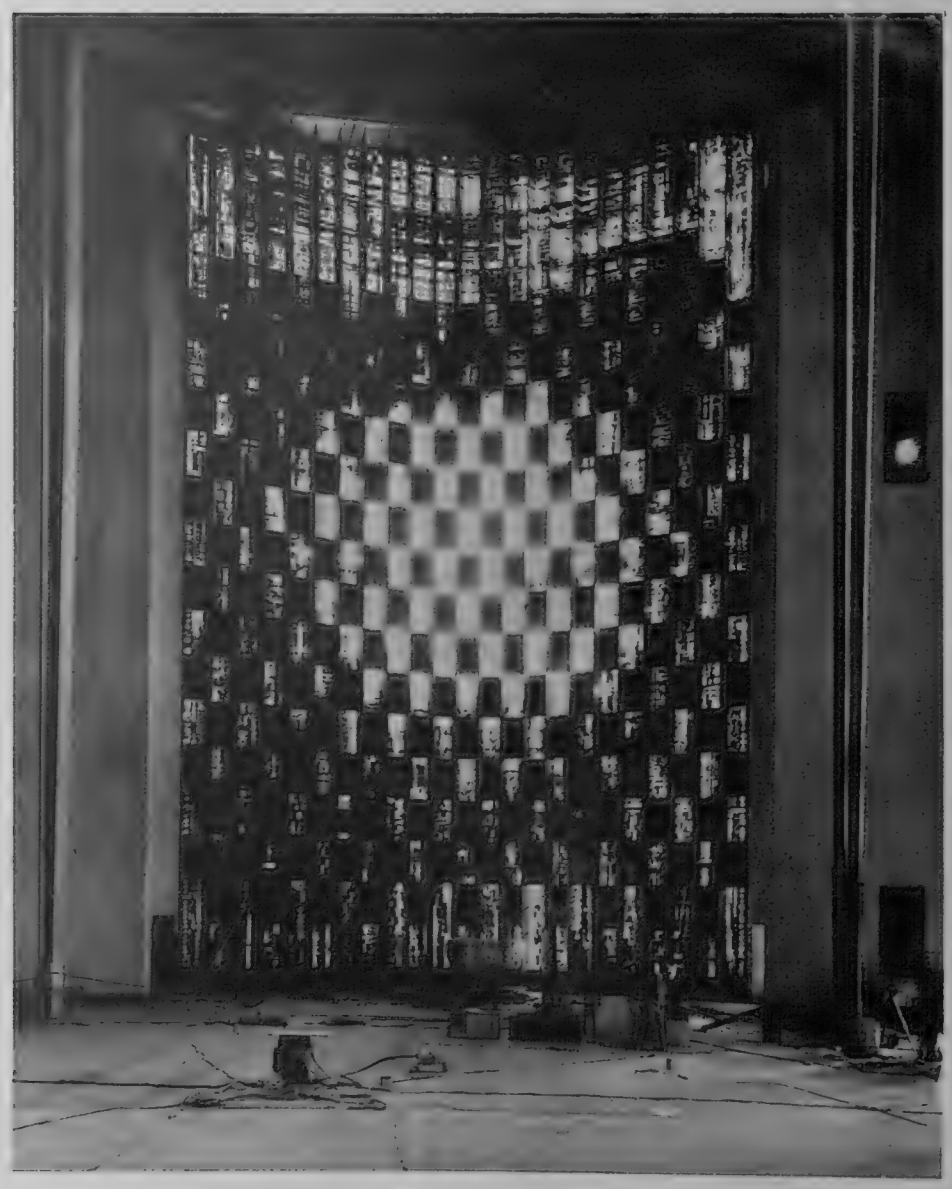
In a line-out, G. R. Houghton (Oakham) out-jumps J. D. Glover

INSIDE COVENTRY CATHEDRAL

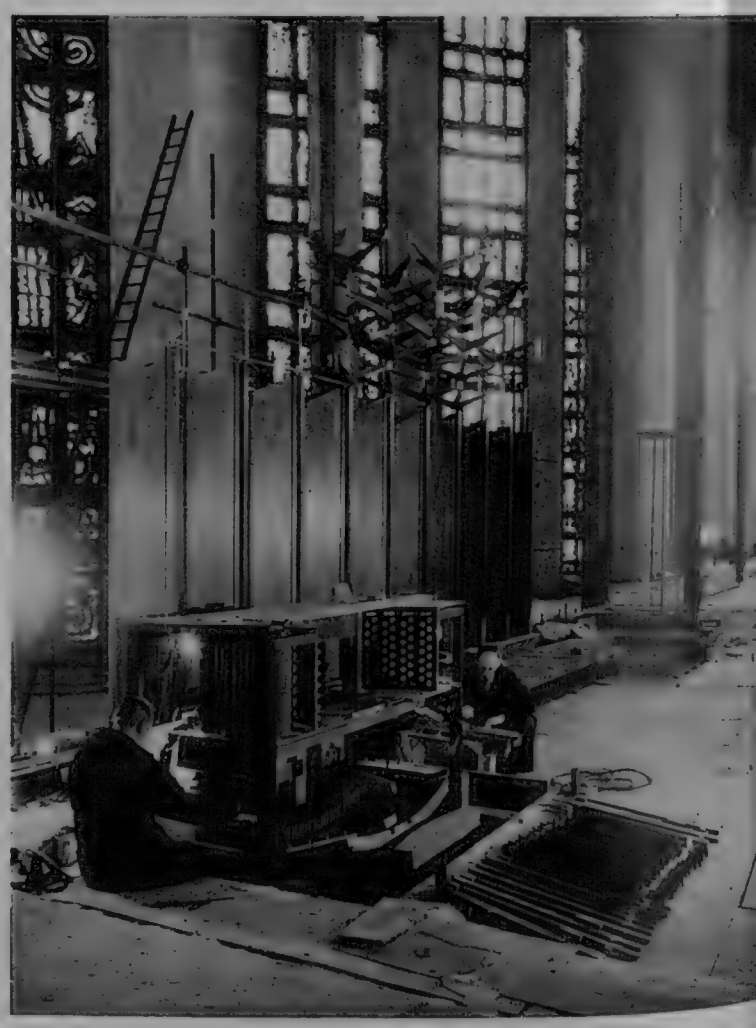
The engraved figures on the glass panels, designed by John Hutton, of the great west screen



A wrought-iron screen, representing a crown of thorns



The huge window for the Baptistery is designed by John Piper



At work on the console for the great organ of the cathedral

Looking down the nave towards the great west screen. Clearly visible are the zigzag walls stretching upwards 80 ft. to the roof

Standing in the nave of Sir Basil Spence's new cathedral for Coventry, the elements and detail of the invigorating and spacious design become clear. Work is well advanced on the main fabric of the cathedral, which is to be consecrated on May 25, 1962. The West end of the nave is filled by the great glass screen, consisting of ninety panels, designed and engraved by John Hutton. They show thirty-one saints and thirty-five angels and will form a glass wall 45 ft. wide and 70 ft. high. The sides of the 270-ft.-long nave consist of zig-zags of walls and windows towering up to the roof. At the East end are the Lady Chapel and the area which will be covered by the huge Graham Sutherland tapestry taking the place of the reredos and East window. A detail which exemplifies the inventive use of modern materials in the cathedral is the wrought-iron grille, designed by Sir Basil Spence, marking the entrance to the Chapel of Christ of Gethsemane. It represents a crown of thorns and was made by the Royal Engineers at Chatham. Visible behind the grille is a mosaic mural, painted by Stephen Sykes of the angel who appeared before Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane.

TRAVEL

SEA CRUISES IN THE SPRING

By GORDON COOPER

There 's nothing like a sea cruise. When you are at sea there are no telephones to answer, no traffic to dodge, no diesel fumes to inhale, and no newspapers. No time, surely, is better to go than in the early spring—a time when climatic conditions are often at their worst in Britain.

Fortunately, during the first four months of 1962, there is a wide choice of possible sea cruises; too many, in fact, to detail in a single article. I must, therefore, content myself with describing the pick of these tours. I will start with my own personal choice: an Easter Connoisseurs Cruise organised by Oceanways (23, Haymarket, S.W.1). It will take me to Corfu, Athens (for Easter Day), Mount Athos (men only can land), Thassos, Pergamum, Ephesus, Patmos, Kos, Rhodes, Antalya (for the Turkish Riviera), Crete, Thera, Ægina, Epidaurus (for Mycenæ and Corinth), Itea-Delphi, and return to Venice, which is also the starting-point.

After my rather exhausting air tours to Ceylon and Mexico, this cruise should prove to be both restorative and rewarding. Calls are made at several interesting and normally hard-to-reach places. It lasts seventeen days and prices range from 79 to 250 gns. Oceanways can also offer other cruises in Eastern Mediterranean waters by other Greek lines.

Among other cruises to this part of Europe are those offered by Fairways and Swinford (18, St. George Street, W.1) and Swans (260, Tottenham Court Road, W.1), both linked with Hellenic organisations, with distinguished guest lecturers accompanying each cruise. Various classical sites are included at the ports-of-call, while the ships used provide all the comforts of travel.

Swans also offer other spring cruises to the Ægean (at more modest prices), also an

The fortified Crusader harbour at Byblos, on the Lebanese coast. It was once an important Phœnician harbour

Water-ski-ing in the harbour of Funchal, Madeira

800-mile river journey down the Nile on a luxurious steamer. Calls are made at Abydos, Luxor (for Thebes), Esna, Edfu, Assuan, Abu Simbel and other interesting sites. The cruise ends at Wadi Halfa, whence the return to London is made by air. Prices are from 295-350 gns. Without a doubt this kind of journey is by far the best way of visiting the wonderful Egyptian sites, some of which, alas, are shortly likely to disappear for ever.

Different in character are the Caribbean yacht cruises, also offered by Swans, which take you through the blue waters and to the beautiful islands of this tropical paradise; and this firm can also arrange private yacht charters at reasonable prices.

Milbanke Travel (164, Piccadilly, W.1) and Hickie Borman (24, Charles II Street, S.W.1) are two other firms organising spring cruises in the waters of the East Mediterranean. The former firm, using S.S. *Romantica*, has departures from Venice (reached by air from London) on March 3 and 24 to the Greek Islands, Egypt, Lebanon and Cyprus; and Hickie Borman offers a spring cruise (April 1), with opportunities of visiting Olympia, Crete, Cairo, Cyprus, Rhodes, Athens, Delphi and Dubrovnik. Mr. Leonard Cottrell is the guest-lecturer; and fares are from £84.

A more extensive (and more costly) tour than those I have already named is that by the Olympia (Greek Line); taking forty-eight days, calls are made at many ports (with shore excursions), including three behind the "Iron

The cruise ship *Meteor*, voyaging among the Greek Islands, leaves the harbour of Tigani on Samos

Curtain": Constantza, Odessa and Yalta. At the last two ports you will undoubtedly be in the hands of charming but very strict Intourist lady guides, with their own ideas of what a foreigner should see—notably the homes of the workers, including at Yalta the former royal summer palace. Fares are from £355, and the majority of the passengers will be American.

Mr. Gordon Cooper (right) presents Mr. Michael Chapman, managing director of the Imperial Hotel, Torquay, with one of his annual "Hotel Oscars." The occasion was the first of the Imperial's series of gastronomic weekends—an Auvergnat dinner presided over by a chef from Le Mont Dore. The Imperial is the only hotel to have the distinction of twice gaining an "Oscar"

The Greek Line, too, continue to provide regular sailings to Madeira, the Canaries and Casablanca—with opportunities for stop-over stays at any desired port. The *Arkadia* is a most excellent ship, and these twelve-day cruises, costing from £75, are ideal for a short rest. In addition to the Greek Line's sailings to the Atlantic islands, there is also a fifteen-day cruise by the *Batory* (Gdynia America Line), leaving Southampton on December 24; by the *Empress of Britain* (Canadian Pacific), which also includes a call at the Cape Verde Islands; and by the *Aurelia* (Van Ommeren, 27, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3), which takes ten days and costs from £50; the sailing date is May 21.

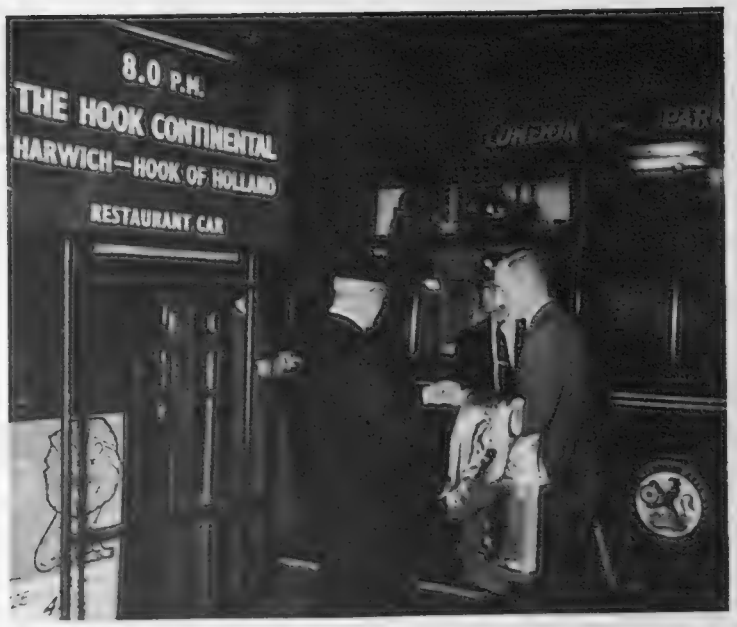
An interesting Easter cruise to Greece and the Holy Land is offered by Erna Low Travel Service (47, Old Brompton Road, S.W.7) on the *Hermes*, an ex-Canadian Pacific ship. This trip includes a day excursion to Jerusalem (Israel), another to Nazareth. For this seventeen-day tour, there is student accommodation from £80, with higher prices for other passengers. The Bergen Line, too, offer two cruises on March 23 and April 11, both of which embrace interesting itineraries in the Eastern Mediterranean. Prices are from £120, including the rail/sea/rail tickets from London to Genoa or Venice, the starting points of the sea tours.

For those who seek the sunshine of the West Indies, my first suggestion is the *Andes* (Royal Mail Lines), which offers a fifty-two-day cruise, leaving January 10, with calls at many romantic ports, the fares (one class) being from £495. This same ship also provides other cruises of lesser duration and in other waters.

Another opportunity for a voyage on the Caribbean route is provided by the well-found ships of the Grimaldi Siosa Lines (220, High Street, W.8), with monthly sailing dates and making calls at several islands. These ships carry both tourist and first-class passengers.

Not everyone, of course, wants to go on a cruise, and for such persons there are many opportunities to travel on other kinds of ship, best discovered by consulting specialist travel agents. I offer two recommendations, both linked with Informal Travels (45, Queensway, W2), a reliable firm. They are a six-week voyage on a comfortable Dutch ship, with frequent departures and making calls at Florida, three Mexican ports, New Orleans and the Bahamas, fares being from £202; and by Polish ship, also modern and comfortable, for eleven to thirteen weeks, to Egypt, Pakistan, India, Ceylon and Burma, the fares being from £255.

Finally, parents may be interested in the educational cruises in the Mediterranean which are organised by the British India Company on their ship *Dunera*. There are regular departures, and while groups of boys and girls under their own teachers are specially catered for, individual adolescents and even adults can join. Cabin-class accommodation costs from £52; and dormitory class (for parties only) is £42. The scheme seems to me most admirable. Your travel agent can supply further details.



Night scenes before the Hook Continental leaves Liverpool Street. **Right:** Guard G. Laflin gives the "right away"

TO WORK BY BOAT TRAIN

By **JOHN STEEL**

The rail and sea route from Harwich to Holland may be said to have begun in 1846 after the opening of the Eastern Union Railway. In that year a publicity trip by steamer was organised to distribute English newspapers in Rotterdam on the day of publication. There had been Mail Packet services from Harwich to the Continent since 1661, but the competition offered by the Dover-Calais route after the railways came had caused Harwich to lose the Post Office contract for the Dutch mails in 1831. It was still some while before regular services began. The Post Office contract only came back to Harwich with the rapid growth of trade with Germany in the 1860's, most of which passed through Rotterdam. The first regular route to Rotterdam was opened in 1893. It became the Harwich-Hook service after the Hook-Rotterdam railway was completed in 1904.

Apart from interruption by wars, the regular service to Holland has never stopped. From the beginning it was a success and to everyone who remembers the old Great Eastern Railway this will be readily understood. Every night the spotless engine of the boat express, resplendent in its livery of royal blue outlined in white and vermilion, set off by gleaming brasswork, was eagerly admired.

Members of the crew were proud of serving on it, and this tradition is maintained today. When the Hook Continental leaves Liverpool Street Station at 8 p.m. every night, one may find railwaymen like Driver S. Steward in charge. He has thirty-eight years of service behind him, and his fireman, who joined British Railways thirteen years ago, is already a dedicated railwayman. Guard G. Laflin, who also frequently works on the train, has forty years of service with an unblemished record.

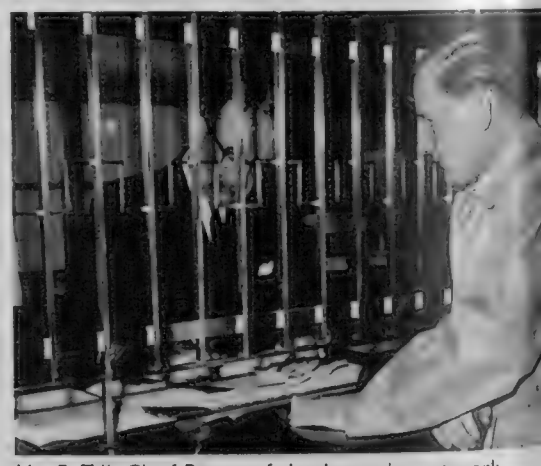
The Hook Continental has a reputation for the high standard of its meals. Conductor L. C. Claydon and Head Chef G. H. Roper often do as many as eighty dinners during the journey of 93 minutes to Parkeston Quay, and on one occasion they provided 123 breakfasts. Both men possess many glowing testimonials from passengers, and nothing gave more pleasure to the train's regular travellers than when Conductor Claydon and Chef Roper were specially selected to take charge of part of one of the special trains which carried passengers to York for the wedding of the Duke of Kent.

Three ships operate between Parkeston Quay and The Hook. They are the S.S. *Amsterdam*, of 5,092 G.R.T., built in 1950; the S.S. *Arnhem*, of 5,005 tons, built in 1947; and the S.S. *Duke of York*, which has recently been renovated. All of them are equipped with comfortable cabin accommodation for first- and second-class passengers, restaurants and lounges, and possess the latest devices for navigation. A new ship of 7,000 tons to replace the *Duke of York* is now on order. It will be the largest ever built by British Railways.

The train is headed by a D 200 class 2,000-h.p. diesel electric locomotive

Chef G. H. Roper prepares dinner at 75 m.p.h. on the down train. He has produced as many as 80 dinners in the ninety-three minutes

Passengers in the first-class dining car



Mr. F. Till, Chief Purser of the *Amsterdam*, at work

Their Masters, Captain A. W. R. M. Greenham of the *Amsterdam*, Captain A. P. Sutton of the *Arnhem* and Captain R. Good of the *Duke of York*, have had years of service and distinguished war records. Captain Greenham, who began his seafaring in 1916, holds the Emile Robin Award for conspicuous gallantry at sea.

An early arrival at the Hook at 6.15 provides connections with Continental expresses to North Germany and Scandinavia, South Germany, Switzerland, Milan, Amsterdam and The Hague. Businessmen can arrive at Cologne at 10.22, spend a day there and, by leaving again at 20.02 that night can be back at Liverpool Street at 9.13 a.m. the following morning.

Special priority passes are given to all passengers on the outwards voyage who wish to join the first-class-only Rhinegold high-speed express which leaves for Basle at 7. Next year this express will be composed of entirely new rolling stock, including an observation car. The route from the Hook to Basle is electrified throughout, except for the section from Kaldenkirchen, on the German-Dutch frontier, to Cologne, which is at present operated by steam traction, but the German Federal Railways will probably introduce diesel locomotives next year.

Directors of City wine companies and wine buyers find the service equally convenient for Coblenz, arrival time 11.27, and Mainz, arrival 12.22, as the return Rhinegold Express does not leave Mainz until 17.59 and Coblenz at 18.53. Many executives from the Swiss watch industry use this train, as it gives them a chance to relax before they arrive in London. All these incoming train services connect with

The S.S. *Amsterdam*, the largest and most modern ship on the Harwich-Hook service

The Master of the S.S. *Amsterdam*, Captain A. Greenham, on the bridge

The cabins in the *Amsterdam* are comfortable and spacious as well as being luxuriously equipped

Over 320 ft. high, the restaurant situated on the top of the famous Euramast at Rotterdam is a favourite place for a business luncheon

High-speed Trans-European Express trains at Cologne provide connections to most of the large German industrial centres. These trains travel at a speed of well over sixty miles per hour

Breakfast is served in the Rhinegold Express

The Rhinegold Express headed by an electric locomotive leaves Cologne for Basle. The famous Cathedral in the background is still being restored

the night boat from the Hook at 23.40, which docks at Parkeston Quay at 6.45 a.m., connecting with the Hook Continental. Train times in Holland have been arranged so that twelve hours can be spent in Amsterdam and fifteen in Rotterdam.

By far the greatest asset of the service from a businessman's point of view is the fact that he can be sure of a comfortable berth in both directions and thus be freed of the worry of making hotel reservations. He can also be certain of a service that is consistently on time throughout the winter months except under very exceptional circumstances, since the number of times it has not been operated have been very few.

Most important of all, an executive does not need to be away from his office for more than one day, an invaluable factor in itself in these times of acute competition in business.

BOOKS

VANISHED WAY OF LIFE

Prince Matila Ghyka's memories of European civilization and Fokine's journals; and this week's fiction

When one writes of an autobiography or a book of reminiscences that it has been a revelation one may well be sincere, but one may also be using a pardonable exaggeration. Of one book which I have read this week, however, this can be said with the utmost confidence and even emphasis, for THE WORLD MINE OYSTER (Heinemann. 30s.), the memoirs of Prince Matila Ghyka, K.C.V.O., M.C., do literally reveal in the most vivid and elegant prose (which has been admirably translated from the French by the author himself), a European existence and a European civilisation which, in many instances, have gone for ever. Matila Ghyka was born and spent an idyllic childhood in Moldavia. From the age of ten, he was educated in France and first saw Paris in the days of Toulouse-Lautrec and Zola. He has since been naval officer, diplomat, mathematician, writer and poet; constant traveller, lecturer, professor of æsthetics and of the history of art and a devoted husband and father. His adventures, in physical terms, in war or voyaging, have been extraordinary. His literary and artistic life is profound and original. His social life is as familiar and firmly based in England or Ireland as in Rumania, France or the United States. A wonderful book of memoirs, indeed.

Michel Fokine, dancer and great ballet choreographer, left many journals on his death in 1942 and these have now been translated from the Russian by his son, Vitale Fokine, to give an exceptionally brilliant picture of the world of ballet as it was in St. Petersburg, where he danced with Pavlova at the Imperial Ballet School, and later worked with Diaghilev in Paris. Later there were to be the Ballets de Monte Carlo and their fabulously successful seasons in London and New York. Fokine writes about his colleagues among dancers, musicians and artists and the names of Stravinsky, Benois and Nijinsky stud the pages of this spirited autobiography which will be a "must" for balletomanes. FOKINE (Constable. 42s.), intelligently edited by Anatole Chujoy, contains the clearest exposition of a choreographer's art I have read.

Dr. Roger Pilkington is one of those amiable mariners who feel disposed not only to travel in the cheerful and helpful company of his wife and children through the length of the waterways of Scandinavia and Europe, but to tell us all about it afterwards in a series of travel books about his "small boat" *Commodore*, which has a length of 45 ft. and what he is pleased to call a hip measurement of 10½ ft. SMALL BOAT TO ALSACE (Macmillan. 25s.) is the latest of these pleasantly discursive sagas.

It isn't always the women writers who are most adept at analysing and laying bare the motives and impulses of feminine behaviour. But when women *do* write well about other women, my goodness me, how electrically good they can be. I am thinking, in particular, of an American novel which I have read this week, which isn't really memorable for its plot and certainly not for its ending which I would take not only with a pinch of salt but a sprinkling of vinegar, so saccharine is it. The almost alarming expertise and the finest scalpel work show in the author's dissection of a group of more or less dissatisfied wives in a very prosperous, New York-commuting village. COPPER BEECH (Cassell. 16s.) is well worth your notice and its author, Miss Ariadne Thompson, worth respectful if cautious admiration from most of us readers.

EDITH COATES sings the Countess in the revival of Tchaikovski's *The Queen of Spades* at the Royal Opera House. The opera is conducted by Aleksandre Melik-Pashayev, principal opera conductor at the Bolshoi Theatre, Moscow, making his first appearance in Britain

TO LOVE AND TO CHERISH (Heinemann. 15s.) is one of those simply-told and, from a superficial point of view, simple tales of family life and the clash of young and mature philosophies which in fact conceal great subtlety and insight. Miss Barbara Goolden has the knack of this simplicity to a high degree and a deep sympathy with her characters, all of whom seem to have a very real relationship not only to each other but to sentient, unfictional human beings.

Mr. Peter de Polnay's novel, NO EMPTY HANDS (W. H. Allen. 15s.), has a basically religious theme; the conflict in a worldly but sincere Catholic between his faith and his love for a charming woman who might take the place of his estranged wife. Here again there is a genuine depth of feeling and a dramatic story, in this case set against a frivolous background which serves to underline the essential significance of the plot.

Signor Alberto Moravia sees the vitiation of boredom as one of mankind's great dangers in the present day and he has devoted his new novel, THE EMPTY CANVAS (Secker and Warburg. 18s.), to an exploration of this idea, choosing a far from dedicated painter as his chief protagonist. This man, son of a rich mother and a wandering father, has, at the age of thirty-five, no compulsive interest in either materialism or the life of the intellect.

TWO LINCOLNS

One, America's greatest President; the other a European adventurer

Many writers have attempted full-length portraits of Abraham Lincoln; a few have been notably successful, among them Carl Sandburg with his monumental biography which won him the Pulitzer Prize. Misunderstanding surrounds the early days of the statesman, and we are indebted to Paul Horgan, American novelist and historian, for his brilliantly perceptive narrative ABRAHAM LINCOLN CITIZEN OF NEW SALEM (Macmillan. 16s.), which he wrote in honour of the centennial, in 1961, of the President's first inauguration. Lincoln was twenty-one when he came to New Salem as a flatboatman working for Denton Offutt, whose boat he had navigated down the Sangamon and the Mississippi to New Orleans. Here we see the tall, gangling youth awakening to his real powers against the background of frontier life; his craving for formal education, his occasional moods of coltish gaiety, his deep honesty of purpose are all revealed. One can only feel, at the end of this brief but inspiring story, that it was there at New Salem that Abraham Lincoln drew his true vision of humanity.

Now let us turn to another Lincoln, one who took his name from the American leader, but derived little else. THE SELF-MADE VILLAIN (Cassell. 21s.) is a new biography of I. T. Trebitsch-Lincoln written by David Lampe and Laszlo Szenasi. These two authors must have had a rare old time trying to separate fact from fiction, for this particular Lincoln, born in 1879 in the Danubian town of Paks, was destined in turn to be a Presbyterian Minister in Montreal, Member of Parliament for Darlington, a middle European oil operator, a student of sociology for his friend Seebohm Rowntree of York, a wartime spy, a professional gambler and an adviser to Chinese war lords. It could be expected that from such ingredients at least an exciting tale would emerge; but the truth is that Lincoln's insincerities, infidelities, and fraudulent actions make rather dreary reading.

From one villain we pass on to a plethora of villains. Margaret Boveri's TREASON IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (Macdonald. 35s.) dwells on some of the major malefactors of our time, Laval, Quisling, Joyce; also others like Petain, whom the world would not wish to put in the same category. Miss Boveri indeed shows how blurred are the outlines between truth and falsehood in this age of far from rigid standards of conduct; how easily treason can be no more than a point of view. A most interesting chapter on Admiral Darlan certainly reveals that would-be statesman's flare for double-dealing.

Sir Charles Webster's THE ART AND PRACTICE OF DIPLOMACY (Chatto and Windus. 30s.) is a scholarly piece of work by the former Stevenson Professor of International Relations at London University. His charting of the policies of Castlereagh and Palmerston makes fascinating reading, as does his account of the gradual assumption of power by Prince Albert who, at the time of Queen Victoria's first pregnancy, achieved his cherished goal of surveying the State papers and of informing his wife of their contents. From that day, says Sir Charles, "the first reign of Queen Victoria was over. The reign of Victoria and Albert had begun."

Three books which will appeal to the nature-lover are Philip Street's VANISHING ANIMALS (Faber and Faber. 21s.); Mervyn Cowie's FLY, VULTURE (Harrap. 21s.), and THE NEW WILDFOWLER (Herbert Jenkins. 42s.), a symposium edited on behalf of The Wildfowlers' Association of Great Britain and Ireland. Mr. Street dwells particularly on species approaching extinction and possible ways of preserving these rarities. Mr. Cowie's tells us of the long struggle to set up the Kenya game reserves.

On the lethal side of the sporting medal J. F. Standfield writes with great experience on SYNDICATE SHOOTING (Herbert Jenkins. 18s.) and A. E. B. Johnson on SHOOTING WOOD-PIGEON (Herbert Jenkins. 15s.). Both books are practical in aim and well illustrated.

Richard Edmonds

He attempts to compensate for this emptiness of purpose by concentrating on a life of the senses and it is his frustrated and, on the whole, dreary story which the author tells with all his usual directness and force.

Madame Michaela Denis, intrepid feminine half of a married partnership which we generally see in action in those parts of the globe where the maximum of wild animals are to be found, has now written her first novel, MAID OF MONEY (W. H. Allen. 15s.). The scene of her story shifts from Hong Kong to Paris, from London to New York, and the central character is an attractive woman with a highly unsatisfactory husband and a sharp eye for market values. Entertaining if a little breathless.

Mr. John Welcome, who has collected and edited twelve good stories about gamblers by famous novelists and has added a final one of his own, is of the opinion that gambling is an almost universal itch and that consequently some of the most distinguished writers have been preoccupied by its manifestations. He may be right, at that, for BEST GAMBLING STORIES (Faber. 16s.) includes quite a few little masterpieces from the pens of such stars as Rudyard Kipling, Somerset Maugham, Max Beerbohm and Conan Doyle, and two beauties from Ernest Hemingway and Damon Runyon respectively. An unusual but valid excuse for the making of a first-rate little anthology.

Vernon Fane

NOVELIST AS BIOGRAPHER

A historical novel can be unconvincing and misleading. Invented conversations and a crowded canvas of famous people tend that way. But when a skilled novelist turns to history or biography, one may expect that the pulse of life will animate the past without tampering with evidence. That is what Miss Elizabeth Jenkins successfully did and has done again in her ELIZABETH AND LEICESTER (Gollancz. 21s.). Her method is selection rather than original research. She studies and integrates all known authorities and then selects only what is relevant to her biographical purpose. In her study of Leicester she had the benefit of thirty years of recent and intensely efficient research into a reign more fully documented and studied than any which preceded it, and her use of Leicester's family letters has greatly enhanced its historical importance. She convincingly acquits Leicester of complicity in the Cumnor tragedy, leaves the Sheffield marriage non-proven, and supplies "originals" for Spenser's *Faerie Queene*.

The Queen never intended to marry Leicester but Leicester abandoned hope very slowly. She could not do without him, and as a result he played his part in most of the great issues. Those, therefore, who missed reading Miss Jenkins *The Great Elizabeth* will find much of it here, for Elizabeth, with Cecil and Leicester, directed the stormy history of the reign. Leicester was a greater man than his father, Northumberland, a good soldier and organiser, though he inherited some of his father's vacillation and clumsiness as a plotter. Leicester could be patient and was usually civilised, but only to the Queen and among his friends revealed attractive qualities. Power failed totally to corrupt him.

A word is due to Miss Jenkins' industry as social historian of that brutal, rich and thrilling era. She has ransacked wardrobes and inventories to depict the way of life of Court and nobles in authentic detail. Her sensitive writing supplies almost an eyewitness account of events fearful or trivial. Her imaginative use of evidence and her delicacy of touch have produced a convincing and constantly exciting study of two tempestuous and complicated characters, and her new book will prove as deservedly popular as *The Great Elizabeth*.

John Gore

Parker Ballantine (Ian Carmichael), the critic, is mildly amused by Dion Kapakos (Terence Bayler), the director

CRITIC'S CHOICE

At the Vaudeville

Drama critics in New York are notoriously butchers who take their trade with great seriousness. Ira Levin's comedy concerns a critic, Parker Ballantine, whose watchword is his integrity. His second wife, Angela, writes a play. Both he and his young son, who helps his father in reviewing, agree that it is bad. Nevertheless, she manages to get it put on and asks her husband not to review it. He lost his first wife, an actress, through castigating her Helen of Troy. From this basic situation Mr. Levin manages a comedy decorated with New York witticisms about the theatre.

Angela Ballantine (Muriel Pavlow) is not dissuaded by Parker from going to write her first play

John Ballantine (Lindsay Scott-Patton) offers his father a suggestion for his box of wisecracks to be used in reviews

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Josiah Wedgwood

Bearer of perhaps the most famous name in pottery manufacture, the Hon. Josiah Wedgwood, chairman of Josiah Wedgwood and Sons Ltd., is surrounded by the company's wares at its London showrooms in Wigmore Street. The great-great-great-grandson of the founder, he was appointed managing director in 1930 when only thirty years old. In 1947 he also became chairman and occupied the two positions until a year ago, when he retired from the managing directorship. He is still a very active chairman. His greatest contribution to the firm's fortunes was to get the new all-electric factory built in the countryside at Barlaston in 1938. It was a courageous decision in difficult circumstances to close down the uneconomical factory at Etruria, which had been in continuous production since 1769. But he has been amply justified: since his appointment production has increased sixfold and productivity per head has doubled. He also enlisted the services of a number of well-known artists and designers and built up a permanent staff of graduate designers from the Royal College of Art. Born in 1899, Josiah Wedgwood was an outstanding scholar who could write Greek verse at the age of ten. He was educated at Bedales School, University College, London (studying science and mathematics), the R.F.A. Cadet School and the London School of Economics (to which in 1960 he was elected an Honorary Fellow). He started work as secretary, and later became director of the Rural Industries Bureau. In 1929 he wrote a book, *The Economics of Inheritance*. His appointments outside the pottery world have included membership of the Court of the Bank of England, service on the Central Advisory Council for Education, directorship of the District Bank, chairmanship of the Royal College of Art, and service on the Council of Industrial Design and the Council of the University College of North Staffordshire. He has two sons, both doctors, and a daughter, and lives near his factory in Staffordshire and in Kensington

REVOLUTION IN RETAILING

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

During the last few months an American friend of mine, who has been transferred to his company's British subsidiary for a while, has been setting up house here and buying quite a range of British equipment and furnishings, from a car to dishwashers and electric irons. At a number of British shops, he must have been a good but somewhat disconcerting customer. For he has brought to his exercise a certain cold-blooded logic to which American stores are accustomed but which we generally lack over here.

"When I have gone into a store over here and selected an item of equipment," he tells me, "I have rather often been told that they can get it for me—in anything from ten days to several weeks. Some of your stores will not even give a specific delivery date. When that has happened, I have asked them whether they give customers a discount for having to wait. They usually don't. I've told them that I am not prepared to pay a full retailing mark-up to somebody who, in fact, is merely a booker of orders for later delivery: that full margin is set to cover the cost of holding stocks of goods, a function they aren't performing. So I've shopped around until I find a store that is prepared to deliver out of stock. It has surprised me how many British stores are not, for consumer equipment that must turn over quite fast. Also that British buyers are prepared to pay for a service they don't get."

I asked him about the practice in America. He said that for household goods he tended to buy from one of the two great mail order firms there, whose equipment he had found over the years to match the range of qualities sold outside and to be significantly cheaper. But not necessarily by mail order; he often bought the goods at one of the neighbourhood stores that these companies have set up usually on the fringe of all sizeable American cities. At these stores, he added, you can buy the same article in any of three ways. Order it through the catalogue; it takes longer, but it is significantly cheaper, since the supplier is not incurring the cost of the retail operation. Buy it out of stock in the store; that costs 10-15 per cent. more, because they're giving a complete retail service, but is still cheaper than in a big downtown store, because these stores pay lower rent charges and have lower staff costs. Or order it to be delivered to the store and pick it up still crated at the delivery bay; then the price comes in between, including the cost of delivery but not of retailing. "But even outside this mail order, mass retailing sector," he told me, "an American store that has to make you wait for an article is generally prepared to give you a cut on its mark-up."

My friend is an economist; even so, this hard-headed kind of shopping is not an unusual American approach. He was not indignant about not getting immediate service; he just wouldn't pay the cost of it if he didn't get it. I couldn't help reflecting that during the time that he was doing his buying here quite an animated correspondence had been carried on in our greatest newspaper about whether a shopkeeper ought to be expected to order an article that a customer wanted but which he hadn't got in stock. On the one side there were the usual complaints about the vanished service one used to get in British shops; on the other explanations of how much it costs to order one or two of an article not usually carried. Nobody on either side mentioned the question of varying the retailing margin for the different degrees of service that a shop is and is not prepared to offer.

It seems to me, with this American example in mind, that there is perhaps too much emphasis in discussion of British retailing of what services the shopkeeper ought and ought not to provide; and that this arises partly because our shops are accustomed to charge the same whether they are carrying out the whole stock-holding function of the retailer or whether they are not. The only time in recent years that one has begun to get discounts in the home equipment field is when they have been performing it all too unwisely: for example, when a natural fall in demand, or one induced by Government restrictions, has left them with far more stock on their hands than they can afford to keep.

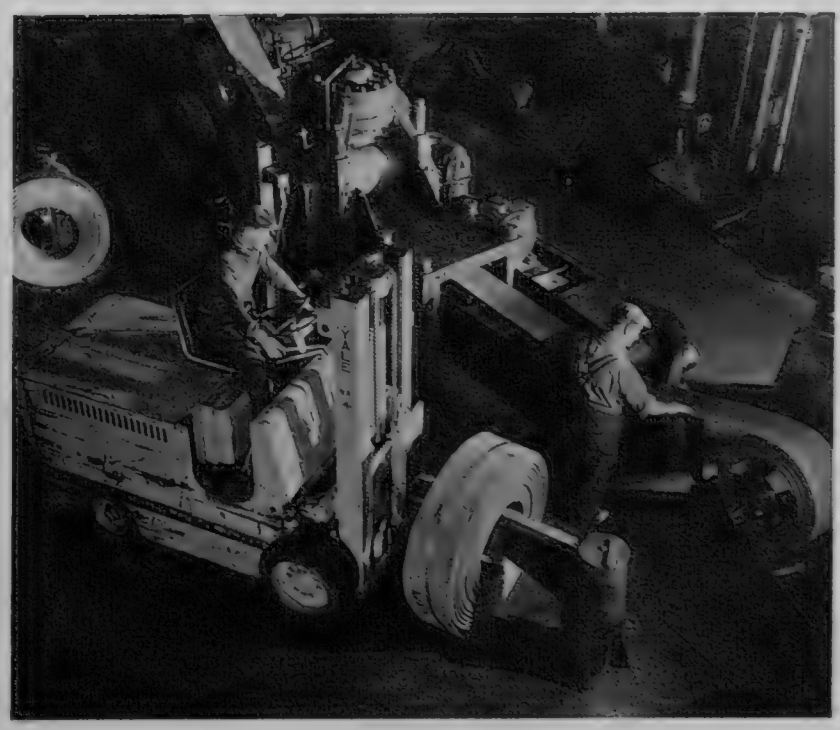
It is only recently that the rapid developments in retailing, which in certain fields now amount virtually to a minor revolution, are beginning to spread this kind of logic into the field of "dry goods" and "consumer durables." Most dealers in home equipment, for example, will show you the demonstration model and then say, as a kind of favour, that they can get it for you. But some of the supermarkets, having captured a big and still-expanding slice of the food market, are now looking across towards consumer equipment; and in quite a variety of locations, discount houses are now being opened, with new firms coming into the business. A discount house is where many Americans do much of their shopping: or at least where they go to get a fair check on prices. The range of articles is often limited; you can't necessarily get the brand that you want, though you can get a large number of nationally advertised brands, and the latest models, with no question of "rejects" or "seconds." You may well get them for 15 to 20 per cent. below the prices you pay elsewhere.

In Britain, the first discount house was begun in Southend by members of a long-established retailing family there; it is extending its range of goods. Others have been set up in Manchester and the Midlands. It may be, as one finds, for instance, in the petrol market, that Midlands and Northern housewives have a keener eye for a bargain. It certainly appears to be in the north that Britain's mail order companies, on a far smaller scale and without the great reputation of the American houses but rapidly developing, do most of their business.

It was recently prophesied by an impartial marketing expert that by 1970 Britain would have close on 1,500 supermarkets (against about 600 today) doing nearly a quarter of our grocery trade; with the bulk of the remainder handled through about 20,000 self-service stores, leaving only a very small margin of the national trade for the remaining 100,000 or so small grocers. By then, he reckoned, discount houses would be doing perhaps 5 per cent. of the whole retail trade of the country; mail order business, too, would increase dramatically, to perhaps £375,000,000 in turnover.

It remains to be seen, however, whether supermarkets can successfully lean far over into the field of "hard goods." Their rapid growth has been based upon the application of mass-production methods to retailing—in particular, the rapid throughput of goods that don't stay on the shelves too long. Most of the articles other than food that you see there fit into this category: gramophone records, nylon stockings, paper-back books, stationery. Venturing into electrical goods, for example, offers the supermarket operator what are to him temptingly high margins, particularly as price-cutting competition in his food departments is now squeezing his already economical operating margins there. On the other hand, the expensive purchase that may stay on his shelves for weeks or even months is wholly alien to the nature of his selling operation.

In some new shopping centres, such as the new one just opened on the edge of Leicester, a discount house and a supermarket operate side by side—together with a restaurant, a multi-storey car-park, and a bowling alley. This kind of "one-stop" shopping centre, to which a housewife can drive and achieve all of her shopping in one comprehensive expedition, is fairly certain to develop widely in Britain over the next decade; roads are becoming too crowded to make shopping in city centres comfortable, and equally the supermarkets and new shopping centres are unable to find High Street sites even if they wanted them. Over the years, we can expect Britain's belated retailing revolution to continue, and perhaps to take on more of the same convenient logic that applies to both sides of shopping in the United States. This may, however, be asking a lot—not so much of the younger and enterprising shopkeeper, whose eyes are already dazzled with American gimmicks, as of the customer, who is clearly the most backward and inefficient operator in the whole business of British shopping.



A Series 51 Yale and Towne fork-lift truck, fitted with a ram, moves a coil of wire weighing 3½ tons, while at work on the factory floor. In heavy industries, for instance the steel industry, fork lift trucks are being extensively used as an alternative to handling by crane. The trucks, equipped with a variety of special attachments, can be employed to move sheet, coil, plate, wire or bar steel

An aerial view of the recently completed Wentbridge Viaduct. Wentbridge village can be seen at the top left

A VIADUCT ON THE GREAT NORTH ROAD

At the end of last month the Wentbridge Viaduct on the A1 to the north of Doncaster was opened to traffic. Nearly 100 ft. high and 470 ft. long, the viaduct spans the valley of the River Went. It is part of a two-mile by-pass which enables Wentbridge village with its steep winding approaches to be detoured.

The pre-stressed concrete construction is supported on two pairs of raking legs, which have spans of over 300 ft. at ground level but slope to divide the viaduct deck into a centre span of 190 ft. and two side spans of 140 ft. each. The legs were founded on solid mass concrete blocks taken down into sandstone rock. An unusual feature of the construction was that the deck of the viaduct was well advanced before the legs were completed, a reversal of bridge-building practice.

The new by-pass incorporates dual carriageways 24 ft. wide and a central reservation narrowing to 10 ft. wide at the viaduct, but generally wider. A fly-over bridge carrying the existing Went Edge road over the by-pass was also part of the project. The site is now being restored and landscaped.

The viaduct and by-pass were constructed for the County Council of West Riding of Yorkshire under the direction of the County Engineer and Surveyor, Colonel S. Maynard Lovell, by Taylor Woodrow Construction Ltd. Work began in October 1959.

The Wentbridge viaduct pictured from underneath, showing one of the pairs of raking leg supports. The other pair are surrounded by steel tubular scaffolding

The modern cargo liner, the *Ilesha Palm*, undergoes her sea trials before being handed over by the makers, Swan, Hunter and Wigham Richardson Ltd., to Palm Line Limited. She is the last of twelve similar vessels, designed to meet the requirements of West African trade, which have been built by the shipyard on the Tyne for the Palm Line since 1955. The order brought over £10,000,000 worth of work. Of 8,800 tons deadweight, the *Ilesha Palm* is a single-screw motor cargo liner of open shelter deck type. Aluminium alloy played a large part in her construction, for instance, in the whole of the midship structure above the bridge deck

SHIPS AND EQUIPMENT FROM BRITAIN

Left: The 4,400-ton deadweight *Marcel Bayard*, built at Le Havre, is a modern cable laying and repair ship. The whole of her cable handling machinery and ancillary equipment was supplied by the Equipment Division of Submarine Cables Ltd. (owned jointly by A.E.I. and British Insulated Callender's Cables Ltd.). Belonging to the French Ministry of Posts and Telecommunications, the *Marcel Bayard* is capable of carrying 1,000 nautical miles of submarine telephone cable with submerged repeaters. Her equipment comprises two forward picking-up and paying-out cable engines driven through the Telcon-Hindmarch gear reduction box. She is the second cable ship to be equipped with this type of gear. The first was Britain's Post Office cable ship *Alert*

Left: The *British Merlin*, a single screw, motor-driven oil tanker, is launched at the Govan, Glasgow, shipyard of Harland and Wolff Ltd. Under construction for BP Tanker Company Ltd., the vessel is one of six similar tankers either completed or being built by the company for BP. She is some 520 ft. long with a service deadweight of about 14,000 tons

Above: A new twin-screw passenger and vehicle ferry for the Isle of Wight route, slides down the slipway at the Woolston (Southampton) Yards of John I. Thornycroft and Co. Ltd. Named *Osborne Castle*, the ferry has been built for the Southampton, Isle of Wight and South of England Royal Mail Steam Packet Co. Ltd. She is 191 ft. long

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

SEASONAL SHARES

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

For many businesses, Christmas appears as one of the busiest times of the year. One estimate suggests that about 10 per cent. of all consumer spending is represented by Christmas shopping.

All the major retail store groups will be busy: House of Fraser and Debenhams in department stores and Marks and Spencer, United Drapery, Woolworth and Montague Burton among multiples. For many industries, Christmas is even more important. For manufacturers of toys, for instance, Christmas sales set the pattern for the year's results. Lines Brothers, the Tri-ang Toy makers, rank as Britain's leading manufacturers. Wine merchants, hotels and many food companies are similarly placed.

Anyone who is impressed by the growth in Christmas spending can therefore gain a direct benefit from the seasonal upturn. Investors could do worse than take a Christmas portfolio as their long-term holding.

Logical starting point for this portfolio must be food and drink, both essential ingredients of Christmas. Distillers, who dominate Britain's whisky and gin industry, are the outstanding single choice for drink. But investors should also consider wine shippers and merchants, traditional beneficiaries at this time of year. Harvey and Sons, the Bristol Sherry and Wine group, have been one of the outstanding successes of recent share marketings. Under the direction of Mr. G. E. McWatters as chairman, Harveys have been developing their sherry side and are now expanding into branded wines. Recent acquisitions have included Martinez Gassiot of London, along with a stake in Cockburn.

Williams and Humbert, the sherry shippers, also deserve a place in any Christmas portfolio. Though smaller than Harvey, Williams and Humbert have a progressive profit record, barring a setback in 1959. Last year's results were a record and an 8 per cent. sales increase was reported last summer. With drink, food has an important place in any Christmas portfolio. This season means larger business for leading food groups—Associated British Foods, Fitch Lovell, Associated and United Biscuits and many others. But some companies are particularly well placed to benefit from Christmas. One of these is H. S. Whiteside, the London company who produce nuts, honey and confectionery. Profits have expanded steadily in recent years, while earlier this year the group raised fresh cash through a share issue on bonus terms.

Christmas food, for most people, means game or chickens, and a growing part of Britain's needs are now being supplied by broiler firms. Several of these are public companies, such as Buxted Chicken Co. Profits have grown rapidly in Buxted's brief career since the share marketing, doubling to some £660,000 in 1960-61. This year's expansion may not be quite so impressive—overall production has begun to outstrip demand—but Buxted should gain over the years from their link with Spillers, the broiler food producers.

For those who spend the holiday at home, this portfolio—food and drink, toys and stores—should cover a large part of Christmas spending. Some people, however, spend Christmas at hotels, which should mean larger business for groups such as Trust Houses. This £9,000,000 concern owns over 200 hotels throughout Britain and have begun a £2,000,000 capital programme covering the next four years. Trust Houses are now merging with the Lockhart Group, which operates as caterers and owns slot machines on railway station platforms. Existing funds will help to meet this programme, but the City expects a new capital issue by Trust Houses in the medium-term future.

To invest in the familiar trappings of Christmas, such as holly, mistletoe or crackers, is virtually ruled out. Most of the firms dealing in this business are private, for the cash totals involved are relatively small. On the other hand, people can buy shares in several companies that make Christmas cards and calendars. Unfortunately, this is a highly competitive business and the financial rewards for shareholders have tended to show marked fluctuations. A compromise might be John Waddington, the Leeds company who are well known for their cards and games and who have a useful industrial business in containers.

The scientific investor in Christmas should aim to find out what types of goods tend to be given as presents. A large number of the fountain pens that are sold are given at Christmas, but here it is only possible to buy shares in Mentmore, whose recent profits have shown marked fluctuations.

The logic of a Christmas share portfolio is that it relies in consumer spending. None of Britain's capital goods suppliers, for instance, have been included—electronics, machine tools, vehicles. The financial justification for this portfolio is that people will continue to spend money on consumer needs, irrespective of all but the most sweeping changes in the economy as a whole. But there are some qualifications to the appeal of consumer shares. One is that people's spending will not grow as fast as the most rapidly expanding capital industries—such as drugs, electronics, or office equipment. The second qualification is that consumers' decisions to spend may not necessarily bring profits for the manufacturers, because of fierce competition or because productive capacity is too large. Buoyant sales or expanding markets do not always bring larger dividends.

GOOD LIVING

By Ganymede

Surrounded by its vineyard, the Liebfrauenkirche stands—rather surprisingly—in the midst of an industrial area of factories and tenements in war-shattered Worms. This is the church and the vineyard from which the misleading name of Liebfraumilch originates. In present-day practice wine of that name has no connection with church or vineyard whatsoever. It is merely a wine of a certain type from a large area, and is often blended. The fact that most of the big German wine shippers sell Liebfraumilch goes to prove that it can be a good wine. It all depends on whose label it bears.

I have recently tasted in London a wine which, in fact, came from the vineyard by the famous church in Worms. It is called Liebfrauenstift Kirchenstück Riesling Auslese, estate bottled by Langenbach and Co., who own this precious piece of land. It was one of twelve fine German wines offered at a tasting given by the firm's London agents, Messrs. Percy Fox Ltd. They were all of the 1959 vintage, eight from the Rhine and four from the Mosel. Every one a masterpiece of the German wine-maker's art, made of selected grapes, Auslese, Spätlese, or Beerenauslese. Of the four Mosels the Scharzberger Spätlese (29s. 6d.) sparkled with its youth and freshness, Wehlener Sonnenuhr Spätlese (34s.) had a most appealing powerful bouquet, rich (for a Mosel) fruitiness and rather more sweetness, and the Graacher Domprobst Auslese (38s. 6d.) was also very fruity and pleasant with a nice bouquet.

The Rhine is very much the stronger suit of this shipper, and the whole scale of the eight wines, ascending steeply in quality, bore this out.

The Liebfrauenkirche at Worms

The Niersteiner Oelberg feine Spätlese was a fine example of a Rheinhessen wine with its typical bouquet (21s.). The Forster Jesuitengarten Riesling Spätlese (30s.) had all the delicious nose and fruity flavour expected of this famous vineyard. The Rauenthaler Wieshell Cabinet (33s.) as fine an example from the Rheingau in flavour, body and bouquet as you can ever find. The Marcobrunner Riesling Spätlese Cabinet (43s.), while showing great qualities, had not yet reached its peak, and I would also like to meet again in a year or two's time the Johannisberger Hölle Riesling feine Auslese (55s. 6d.), whose sweetness, rich fruit and bouquet promise an exceptional future. The peak of perfection was reached in the Hallgartener Schönhell Riesling Beerenauslese (87s. 6d.) with its highly developed Riesling flavour and bouquet.

I have selected a few of the recent spate of books dealing with food and wine, which I would be happy to offer to my best gastronomically-minded friends for their Christmas stocking. SYLLABUB IN THE KITCHEN (Methuen and Co. 21s.) is a collection of those well-known culinary snippets which have been appearing regularly in the *Observer*. One may not agree with Syllabub's views, but like his recipes, they are always interesting and original. Each month's recipes are preceded by an introduction in which Syllabub airs his views freely and refreshingly.

MRS. BEETON'S ALL ABOUT COOKERY (Ward Lock and Co. 17s. 6d.) is a carefully selected extract from the modernised version of *Cookery and Household Management* published last year. Even this extract has over 500 pages, so it will be seen that a great deal has been retained. It makes a very comprehensive kitchen-guide.

A HISTORY OF WINE, by H. Warner Allen (Faber and Faber. 42s.), is sure to give the greatest pleasure to everyone interested in wine. The first part is perhaps the most fascinating, as it deals with the "First Golden Age of Vintage Wines" from the Homeric Age to the fall of the Roman Empire. It might even inspire someone to revive the ancient game of Kottabos, the game of heel-taps which was the rage for three centuries in Greece and its popularity is compared by the author to that of cricket in England. The "Second Golden Age" starts with the discovery of maturing wine in bottle and ends with the ravages of phylloxera. Some of us may not agree with Mr. Allen's contention that this was the end of fine vintage wines, but this detracts nothing from the value of his admirable book.

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MOTORING

NOT ENOUGH CAR PARKS

The cost of the strike at Rootes; upholstery improvements; Advanced Motorists' dinner; some new books

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

Most of the town councils up and down Britain are doing far less than they should to meet the future car parking needs of their localities. This fact is depressingly clear from a report by the British Road Federation on a parking questionnaire in which the co-operation of 419 local authorities was invited.

It was the first survey of its kind ever held in Britain. "There is a definite lack of urgency," declared Lord Derwent, chairman of the Federation, when the report was published in London. "In London, for instance, five of the twenty-three metropolitan boroughs surveyed have no off-street parking facilities. Three others have fewer than 200 car spaces. Most of the revenue from parking meters is supposed to go towards the provision of off-street parking. Where is it going, I wonder?"

The report shows that in Britain's busiest cities, in the metropolitan boroughs and in other boroughs in the Greater London area—the areas whose parking needs are greatest—the provision for parking facilities is least adequate.

Two out of every five authorities covered by the survey have made no study of the ultimate parking needs of their areas. This is a scandalous state of affairs considering that local parking problems are the responsibility of the local council. The questionable refusal of the Government to give any financial assistance should not be regarded as an excuse for doing nothing.

Motorists in general should feel grateful to the Rootes brothers—Lord Rootes and his younger brother Sir Reginald—who, resolutely backed up by their sons, Geoffrey, Brian and Timothy, decided to have a show-down with the unofficial strikers in one of their factories who demanded unreasonable safeguards against redundancy.

After a dispute lasting more than three months, during which time output of Hillman, Sunbeam, Humber and Singer cars came to a complete halt, the strikers capitulated and production has now been resumed. It is to be hoped that motorists who have been awaiting delivery of Rootes Group products will, as a tribute to the Rootes brothers, be patient a little longer while the production rate builds up.

The cost of the dispute has been unofficially estimated at between £2,000,000 and £3,000,000. It is a lot of money for one of the smallest of the Big Five to recoup. As the Rootes Group was fighting for a principle it is certain that other big firms in the industry would be happy to help them financially. Any offers of this kind would, I am certain, be gratefully but firmly declined by the independent-minded Rootes family.

The famous leather firm of Connolly Bros., which was founded eighty-three years ago and which is still far and away the biggest supplier of upholstery leather to the motor industries of Britain and other countries, continues to find new, improved methods of carrying out old curing and finishing processes.

During a recent visit to their plant at Wimbledon, S.W.19, by the side of the River Wandle—which looks rather sad these days—I was shown, in a new £50,000 building which has taken the place of seven old ones, a new paint-spraying machine which is believed to be the only one of its kind in the world.

The hide is stretched on a moving platform and is sprayed by eight rotating nozzles as the leather passes beneath them. To prevent paint wastage as the sprays sweep over the irregular edges of the hides, the paint jets are switched off automatically by photo-electric cells whenever they pass over a part of the moving platform not covered by the hide. As soon as the jets swing round over another part of the hide they immediately start spraying paint again.

In another part of the plant I saw an experimental drying oven which uses less heat than usual and larger volumes of moving air. "We are trying out new ideas all the time," said Mr. Fred Connolly, chairman and managing director, who runs the business with his three younger brothers, helped by two nephews and a great-nephew.

As we walked round the plant I saw many thousands of hides. "We have 50,000 of them here at the moment," said Mr. Connolly. "Sometimes there are as many as 100,000. At present we are taking delivery of about 10,000 a week. All but 2 per cent. are used for car seats. We get 70 per cent. from about ten different British tanneries and most of the rest from Denmark and Sweden."

John Surtees tests the new Lola Formula One at Silverstone. Lolas, designed by Eric Broadley, will be driven by Surtees and Roy Salvadori for the Bowmaker-Yeoman racing team in 1962 World Championship events. The new Lola, powered by the new V-8 Coventry Climax engine, has an even smaller body than the Formula Junior Lola

Speaking at the annual dinner of the Institute of Advanced Motorists, which now has more than 30,000 members, its chairman, Lord Sempill, expressed concern at the appearance of new bodies which, "while using similar titles to ours, purport to conduct advanced motoring tests with examiners whose qualifications are not always apparent."

The Institute, he pointed out, employs as examiners only ex-police drivers who hold the first-class Police Driving Certificate.

A few days earlier, in a broadcast, Lord Sempill spoke of the need for a closer check on the health and eyesight of all motorists and said the Institute was of opinion that the advice of the medical profession should have been sought on this subject when the new Road Traffic Bill was being framed.

The Institute chairman said he thought there was no doubt that as motorists grew older their reactions became slower. On the question of whether offending motorists should be ordered to take a driving test in appropriate cases, he said: "It might be more constructive if they were ordered to take corrective training rather than to punish them and send them back on the roads to repeat the offence."

I have lately been reading three new books which have a special appeal to the car connoisseur. Mr. W. O. Bentley, now living in retirement in Surrey at the age of seventy-three, has written another volume of motoring reminiscences (*The Cars in My Life*, Hutchinson; 25s.) which will give much nostalgic pleasure to all who read it, whether they had the good fortune to know Walter Owen Bentley or merely know of his famous design achievements, first with the firms which bore his name and later with Lagonda.

Mr. Bentley has written a preface to one of the other books I referred to just now: *A History of the World's Sports Cars*, by Richard Hough (Allen and Unwin; £2 2s.). This is an ambitious, well-illustrated work with some attractive coloured plates. It outlines the history of the sports car, gives brief specifications of famous models, past and present, and has a section on sports-car racing with a preface by Sammy Davis and descriptions of some of the more famous races, including Les Vingt-Quatre Heures du Mans.

In his preface Mr. Bentley agrees with the book's author about the difficulty of defining a sports car and says "I think people are inclined to forget how strongly the personal element comes into the design of a motor-car conceived in terms other than mass production for the average motorist.

"It is possible to see distinct traces of the character, personality and tastes of Captain Smith Clarke in the Alvis cars of the '20's, of Louis Coatalen in the Sunbeams from about 1909 onwards and of Georges Roesch in those splendid, sturdy and good-pedigree fast Talbots from the 14/45 car of 1927." To which we might add the name of Bentley in relation to the Speed Six and the 12-cylinder Lagonda.

In *World Sports Car Championship* (MacGibbon and Kee; 21s.) Cyril Posthumous deals meticulously and readably with this one important branch of the sport. He reviews all nine championship seasons in great detail from 1953, when the competition was introduced at short notice, until this year, when the championship came to an end. It is a saga of Ferrari supremacy in sports-car racing for the Italian team with the symbol of the prancing horse were champions in seven years out of the nine, the others being Mercedes-Benz (in 1955) and Aston Martin (1959).

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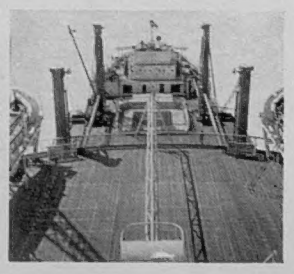

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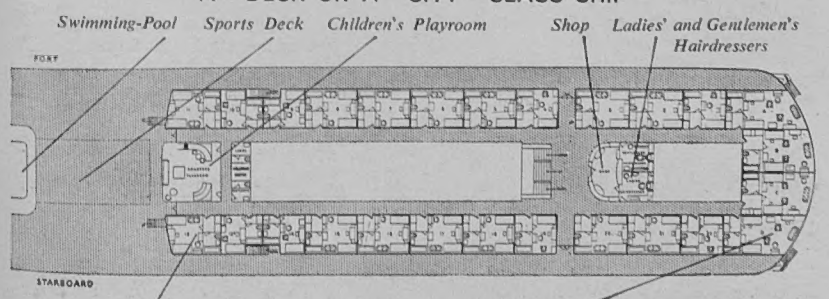

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